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WILL WATCH.

VOL. I.

WILL WATCH.

VOL. I.

PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION,

BY THE SAME AUTHOR,

WORTLEY MONTAGU;

OR,

THE CONFESSED WANDERINGS

OF

A MERRY PHILOSOPHER.

"I write a careless kind of civil, nonsensical, good humoured, Shandean Book, which will do your hearts good.—And your heads too, provided you understand it."—STERNE.

"Why, in the name of the devout stocking of Saint Ursula! what have we here?—An it be not your English harricôt, your Scotch hodge-podge, your Irish stew, your Dutch lobschschowsh, your Spaniard's olla podrida,—your true cosmopolite's omnium-gatherum, blended at once—a little of every thing!"—VANDERBRUGGIUS.

WILL WATCH.

FROM THE

AUTO-BIOGRAPHY OF A BRITISH OFFICER.

BY

THE AUTHOR OF CAVENDISH,

ETC. ETC.

"Ahi! null' altro che pianto al mondo dura!"

PETRARCH.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

JAMES COCHRANE AND CO.,

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1834.

G. WOODFALL, ANGEL COURT, SKINNER STREET, LONDON.

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PREFACE.

THIS Work was originally composed with a view to sustaining the anonymous. This design being now however abandoned, there is one point connected with the ensuing tale which appears to require some little explanation. In taking for the opening of my narrative, the history of a maternal uncle, I was guided solely by the interest which I conceived the melancholy story to possess. As an anonymous writer, the quarter from whence it came would have remained unknown. Now, however, it may be proper to inform the reader, that he can obtain a more full account of the various transactions alluded to in the singular paper left to Charles Arran (whose real name was Charles Hamilton) by his father. This account will be found in a volume written by the latter

gentleman, and entitled "Transactions during the reign of Queen Anne;" a work, the nature of which will amply repay for its perusal.

WILLIAM JOHNSON NEALE.

34, Pall Mall. 1834.

WILL WATCH.

CHAPTER I.

" ——— You say that people will call this a novel.—Let them!—Am I responsible for all the errors of mankind?—Were such to be the result of my labours, I should be at no loss for a plan.

" The plan for a novel should evidently be a novel plan—what say you?—The only infallible way to do anything well is to do it carelessly.—This you will affirm to be sufficiently novel, and I will affirm to be sufficiently true.—I can prove it, and with ease.—But no:—What is proof but fact confirming an assertion?—and who that receives not an assertion willingly, will be thankful for having it forced upon him by the aid of facts?

Can anything be clearer? Facts—facts!—my dear fellow, one would think that you composed a court-martial.—But I beg pardon; these gentry now-a-days are content with *surmises*.

"Facts! and do you sneer," I hear you say, "at facts?—You, whose highest flight has never soared beyond—you whose most prospective dream will scarce embrace to-morrow, whose widest wish is bounded by to-day!—The plodding jog-trot of whose philosophy pursues an easy route, amid enjoyments which sentiment itself could never heighten, nor ambition interrupt—and do you sneer at facts!—What then am I to expect?"

FACTS — SENTIMENT — AMBITION — EXPECTATION.—Come, come, sir, don't grow scurrilous.—Facts, sir, are facts. As for sentiment—Fiddlestick!—For ambition, I refer you to Mr. Pope; and touching your expectations, consult your grandmother—that is, her will. If she *should* have left me a legacy—why—ahem!—Don't forget to mention it—that's all.

"Expect!" forsooth: have you not read the blessing pronounced on those who "expect little"

—than which, alas! no blessing might be more widely earned—than which I fear no blessing is more negligently sought.—Expect nothing, therefore, beyond a simple sort of narrative, woven at random during the leisure intervals of more arduous duties; laying claim to no higher interest than such as belongs to brief sketches of my profession, and the history of your humble servant, as far as it includes that of WILL WATCH, since this it is for which you ask me.

Once, when crossing in the passage-boat from Portsmouth to the Isle of Wight, the curiosity of a fellow-passenger interrupted me in a deep reverie—sad and sorrowful enough, Heaven knows! Foreseeing no peace until he should be satisfied, I cleared my voice, clasped my hands, settled myself into a posture indicative of resignation, and said,——

Sir,—my name is Charles Arran—or if this be not my name at all times, I at least choose that it shall be so now.—I am an officer in H. M. Navy, in which I have served for the last * * years. Though but a young man, I have no relative upon

earth for me to care for, or to care for me. I was born in Holyrood House, Edinburgh, in the year 17**; when I shall die I do not exactly know, but have my suspicions as to this event taking place very shortly. Should the distance permit it, my remains will then be consigned to decay in the final resting-place of my progenitors, thus separated by the space of some two hundred yards from the bed in which the circle of my brief existence was commenced. As for my parentage, Sir, my father was Count H——n, colonel of His Majesty's foot, while my mother, whom I had the misfortune to lose in infancy, was the daughter of I——, of * *. There have been neither brothers nor sisters among us for the last three generations —having come down from only son to only son; so you may conclude there are no collateral heirs. I myself have no children, and with me expires— But I see, sir, you grow impatient—you would be informed of my more immediate concerns?—Good! —My present business, then, in the Isle of Wight is to dine with a gentleman, whose seat is, as you may know, not far from Ryde.—He has great

weight in the admiralty—I am most anxious to obtain his intercession in behalf of one for whom I am deeply interested; and as for myself personally, I am, to sum up, an exceedingly ill-tempered fellow—much at your service—(with a low bow). I am sorry to say that I believe this to be all which I can at present communicate. Should there, however, be any other point on which you would like to be informed, either concerning myself or any other person—whether they are known to me or whether they are not—depend upon it, nothing would give me greater pleasure than to enlighten you. Oh! by the by—(putting my hand in my pocket as the boat reached the pier)—I find I have no purse about me—so you may pay the fare.

The fellow was impertinent, you think? Nothing of the sort.—Pulling forth some coin, with a generosity which might have shamed a duke—say M–rlb—gh for instance—the man smiled as he replied, "with all my heart, sir: a tradesman, I suppose, should think the society of your worship cheap at that."—Tradesman!—of what trade? said

I, touched by a *bienveillance du cœur* that—did it depend on me—should never go unrewarded.—"Furnishing ironmonger," replied my new arch acquaintance.—I rejoice to hear it; give me your hand, my friend; if it be as soft as your heart, it is fit for the clasp of a prince.—Here, go on board the * *, she is just commissioned over the water yonder,—take this card—say I recommended you, and get what orders you can. Before we left Spithead, he had booked upwards of two hundred pounds, which, but for my petulance——

To take up, however, for your information, the history commenced for another—I will not repeat that which you already know.—My boyhood—but the boyhood of most men will exhibit a strong similarity where a like degree of attention is paid in the examination; I need say little, therefore, of that portion of my life which preceded my more immediate entrance on the world. As a lad, I was noted for a love of adventure and my fondness for solitude, in which, like many who have slept their sleep, I delighted to dream of a futurity, that was, perhaps, never to be realized.—Dreams which

even now the heart will not altogether relinquish, like the idler in Horace :—

> " Rusticus expectat dum defluat amnis : at ille
> Labitur, et labetur in omne volubilis ævum."

Left soon after birth to the sole care of my father, he of course fills the most prominent part of my recollections of this period. Might I only fulfil each charge in life as ably and tenderly as his were performed towards me ! Whether I fancy him still busying himself in my education, sharing in my youthful gambols, or indulging me with one of the many traditions concerning the venerable pile above our heads, the same kind yet dignified countenance smiles upon me,—the same martial and graceful form is beside me.

Beneath his eye I reached my fifteenth year; treated with the indulgence of an equal rather than the discipline of a son, and without ever having experienced the absence of a week.

Some short time before I attained the age above mentioned, my father accepted an invitation to spend my birthday with a few friends assembled

at the house of a relative in the county of Lanark. Some transaction occurring to detain him a few days in Edinburgh, I was sent forward by myself on the tenth of December, ten days before the day in question. He was to follow at his earliest convenience. The date to which my narrative now relates, was in the year seventeen hundred and ninety-two. As my father shook my hand through the window of the carriage, and watched my departure from beneath the lowering arch of Holyrood, I felt, when the wave of his hand was last seen, a sensation as novel as it was painful.

Gazing at the dingy walls of the old building beneath which I had passed so many pleasant years, they for the first time seemed to frown on one, the happiest part of whose existence they had witnessed. As we slowly moved along, the chill blast of winter swept round the open space the last sad fragments of the foliage from the adjoining trees, while the banished few whom debt had obliged to take shelter within the respected precincts of the palace, now drew their cloaks more

closely around them, and quickening their steps, hastened to finish the exercise which their health demanded.

I knew not what might be the pressure of poverty, but I saw that their cheeks were pinched by the cold evening breeze, that the sky looked murky, and the earth cheerless and repelling; so drawing up the blinds, and settling down in the carriage, I took refuge in the arms of one who then had never deserted me—kind Sleep.

The intervening days passed pleasantly;—the evening at length arrived on which my parent was to join our party. We were seated round the fire, an expecting group, when the dash of a horse's feet at full gallop interrupted our conversation, and, borne on the breeze, betokened the haste of the rider. In a few minutes a note was put into my hand, requesting my immediate attendance at the sick bedside of my father. Not a moment was lost in complying with a demand which was so warmly seconded by every feeling within me, and in a brief space I was posting on with all the speed which circumstances permitted.

The clocks of Edinburgh were just tolling out four, as my jaded horses drew up within the court-yard of my home. Scarcely did I trust my voice to inquire how the invalid was, until the sad shake of old Donald's, the major domo's, head, gave me to understand that some hope remained, even though it were of the slightest. "How is he, my good Donald,—shall I go in to him, or does he sleep?"

"He 's just fallen off into a bit nap at present, sir, but I fear me he 's in a sair case ony how. Come away, dear Master Charles, maybe he 'll wake mending. The Lord be thankit that you 're come sae sune!"

A few moments sufficed to learn from Donald an account of his master's illness. He had returned, some days since, to dinner with wet feet, and, rising from the table, retired immediately to bed. On the following morning he was found to be in a high state of fever, speedily followed by delirium. This had no sooner passed off, than he desired me to be summoned.

Heart-struck with the sudden event which

threatened to bereave me of my only friend, I stole towards the apartment over whose threshold the angel of death was even then hovering. Well do I remember the chilling gloom of departing grandeur which hung over the old state bed-room. As a child, it had always been an object of reverence mingled with fear, calling up the hundred tales of departed royalty, whose members had successively been born to its honours, and resigned them to clay as fragile as themselves. Each figure in the faded tapestry, and each article of ancient furniture, the brightness of whose gorgeous adornments Time had fretted away,—every object almost on which the eye could rest, contributed its share to the legendary history which, from my earliest infancy, had been communicated to me. How much more impressively then did they now recur to my mind, when Grief herself was weighing down a heart, young in the bitter adversities of life, and affection was striving to believe that their experience was to be delayed—yet a day!

I looked around me, and coming from a blaze

of light, my eyes vainly tried to pierce the dim obscurity which the shaded tapers flung over the spacious chamber;—my heart sunk heavily within me. I paused to catch the low sound that bespoke life near, and which, with the ticking of the time-piece on an adjoining table, filled up the pauses in the storm that howled without.

"Charles," said a low voice, faint from pain and previous exertion, and which had failed to gather strength from the broken slumber of the night. In an instant I was by my parent's side. He grasped my hand, but the cold and feeble pressure left a chill upon my heart. I stooped to press it to my lips. He whispered me, with all his remaining strength, to lie down by his side.

"I did not think, Charles," he continued, "to have parted from you so soon, but if it must be," —a pause of emotion ensued—"it will be as well that I should tell you all I have to communicate. I have hitherto forborne to distress your childhood with family details, but you will find a manuscript written for your eye, in the secret

drawer of the table beneath the plate glass opposite." I interrupted him to express my hopes that his fears unnecessarily darkened the picture. Lifting his hand to his head with much effort, he said languidly, "I feel"—then turning his face more round towards mine, with much difficulty, but with the playful smile of a happier day, continued as he kissed my forehead, "Charles, my orphan boy, let me look upon your face: so young a———" a whispering succeeded for one or two minutes, as if to himself. I thought he was engaged in prayer, and this idea was confirmed by hearing the words "God's blessing on him!" and "birthday," when he was silent.

A short space of time elapsed,—I forbore from delicacy to interrupt him.—Absorbed in my own grief, I scarcely noted how the time flew, till aroused by the gradual chilliness of the hand that clasped my own. I looked up——the lips which had so lately pleaded to Heaven in my behalf, Death had rendered mute for ever! The spirit of my father had flown to its God: there to second,

with a parent's love, his dying supplication for an only child.

The poignancy of my anguish I leave to the imagination of those who, in the purity of their youth, have lost some beloved object to which their hearts were clinging—clinging with all the untainted fervour that glows in the heart of childhood: its affections as yet only to be won by kindness, and its councils still unswayed by that sordid interest, to which the world will shortly give so loud a voice.

It was not the first day of grief and bitterness which revealed to me the extent of my loss: still as I pondered over the event which I strove in vain to disbelieve, some new remembrance of his virtues and affection, arose to redouble my tears. But much as the genius of man may suggest, and his art effect, the grave cannot be deluded of its prey. The day arrived when the remains of my last—first—sole friend were to be consigned to the tomb. The time which had elapsed since his death, old Donald

told me, was a week, but for me, affliction had so bewildered every sense, that the sun shining into the apartment, and the sky betokening a change of weather, were the all that seemed to give the lie to its being the very morning of his decease.

Soon was the sad drama to close! Indulging me with a last glance at the features I had venerated from my cradle, I beheld the final offices performed which excluded him from all that savoured of humanity—except its ashes.

When I beheld his form lifted from the couch of death, and found myself alone, a feeling of incredulity stole over me. I could not persuade myself of what I had seen, nay, more sceptical than the disbeliever of old, I could not believe even that which I had too deeply felt.

His had been a history both sad and strange, and something told me mine was doomed to be its parallel. Beneath that very canopy he had been born.—After a life spent in various climes, marked by adventure, and shaded by misfortune, Destiny had required the surrender of that life she had first given to him, on the same spot.

Born on the same couch, what guarantee had I, that the same unrelenting fortune was not to dog my steps.

His virtues, his abilities, his acquirements, his vast and various funds of knowledge, to the accumulations of which he had continued adding almost to his closing hour, his accomplishments, alas, where were they now? Could so rich a store be decreed only to a lavish expenditure upon the heartless tomb. Why was he not allowed to bequeath even a portion of them—a sumptuous legacy—to the desolate orphan he had left behind?

Might no kinder fate be permitted to them than that of descending, with their regretted possessor to the gloomy halls of death—where the rest of his race were slumbering before him? Alas, thought I, could the valour and the might, the wisdom and the experience of those of the line who had gone before me, be restored for the benefit of an unworthy descendant, what might not be mine?

"It's vera true, dear Master Charles," sobbed a

voice in sorrowful reply at my elbow. "It's e'en owre true—an ye had a' thae ye'd be richer yet than the feckless neer-do-weel—gude guide him—wha's got the dukedom. The grave winna be cheated, Master Charles, fleech it as ye will. Ye canna take their valour, and their might, and their wisdom, and their experience, but ye hae mair than maist, ye hae their blude, Master Charles, and ye hae their example, and gin ye but haud your head up and put a stout heart to a stey brae and no greet sae sairly, ye'll may be yet—yet—"

Good old Donald's grief would let him say no more. The faithful follower of his master's wanderings—he wept like a child. He had, unknown to me, been lingering near and checked the sad thoughts which I had unconsciously uttered aloud. His own emotions now compelled him to silence for a few seconds, when, somewhat recovered, he said, "Will ye no gang and see the last of your dear father, sir, in the chapel yonder? They finished prayers, sir, when I came in! Ye suldna hae come away yoursel', and you chief

mourner too! I'll no be surprised if they're waiting: come, Master Charles,"—and the kind old creature exerted himself to see that I did what was expected.

Short indeed, in all instances, is the passage from the halls of the living to the mansions of the dead, but in this instance we had but to cross the court yard to enter the royal chapel, and there relinquish to decay the only relative—save a distant cousin—that I then possessed on earth. With streaming eyes I beheld the object of my grief slowly disappear into the chasm that yawned below it. I marked the gilded mockery glistening through my tears from amid the gloom of the vault as it reflected back the torch-light, used to place it in its final niche. It moved slowly from my sight and passed away for ever! Count H——n was numbered with the dead. The pomp—the pageantry—the hum—the flutter of life were in motion around me, but the wilds of Arabia would have been a social relief!——

Days had elapsed and I found myself meditating in the room so lately tenanted. A listlessness

of soul had come over me which rendered all things indifferent. Reflecting on the last moments of my father, the mention of some manuscript written for my perusal was recalled to me. It was a last mournful treat, and I drew it from the secret drawer which he had mentioned as the place of its concealment. With an eager eye I read as follows:

"MY DEAR CHARLES,

"Warned by a precarious state of health, and the probability of your forlorn desolation, should I not be spared to rear you to maturity, I am anxious to forearm you against the evil day, and insure to you such indispensable information of your history as your present tender age forbids my communicating to you in person. It is a melancholy foresight, and one which I may trust in God will prove unnecessary; still, should we be doomed to separate before I can prove in you the young and delightful friend which I have ever fondly anticipated for my declining years, I cannot but reflect that no maternal arms can shield you from

the blasts of adversity: no faithful and devoted tongue afford you the advice which youth so invariably needs,—but that, on the contrary, even the few and distant connexions then remaining to you, will be those whose deepest interests are wrapped up in your non-existence!

"To supply to you, therefore, an informant whose truth you can never doubt, to afford to you a monitor whose disinterested advice you can never suspect, and one on whose consistency of counsel passing events can make no impression, I bequeath to you these sheets with my most sacred charge that you preserve and consult them through life as your most sacred friends. My reasons, my dear boy, for such a charge, will be made evident in your perusal of them.

"Of the various subjects to which these papers relate, I have purposely kept you in ignorance, and when I tell you that your age is at this present date of my writing, but ten years, you will thank me for the kindness.—Long, long may you be spared so mournful a knowledge! My first care is to inform you of your ancestors. Your name,

my dear boy, will already have told you that you are descended from the family of H——n; a name which must ever remain one of the brightest ornaments of Scottish history, until valour, genius, and unflinching faith are disregarded by the country so long celebrated for these virtues. I shall not here trouble either you or myself by going back to the origin of your ancestors,—that you already know: beginning with a more modern date, it will suffice to say that the first duke of your family was James, son of James, marquis of H——n, by Lady Anne C—gh—m, daughter of the Earl of Gl–nc—rn. He was long distinguished by the favour of his sovereign, Charles the First, who promoted him to the dukedom, but on the immolation of that royal martyr by a misguided people, his devoted zeal doomed him to be the next noble victim to the insolent tyranny of the regicides. Duke James was succeeded in his title and career by his brother, Duke William, who after having proved the chief support of his royal master, Charles the Second, fell, mortally wounded, at the battle of Worcester. The honours of the family then de-

volved on his niece Lady Anne, eldest daughter of his late brother Duke James, and more peaceful times having happily succeeded, Duchess Anne married William, Earl of S—lk—k, son of the Marquess of D—gl—s, on whom, at her grace's request, the title was conferred during life.

" Eleven children were the issue of this marriage, the eldest of whom, James, Ear of A-r-n, was my grandfather. Inheriting such powerful claims on his sovereign's gratitude, we are not surprised at finding him in the full enjoyment of the second Charles's favour. On the decease of this monarch he attached himself to James, his successor, who honoured him with the appointment of envoy extraordinary to the court of France, gave him the command of the royal regiment of horse, made him one of the knights of the thistle, upon reviving this noble order, and appointed him master of his wardrobe.

" Such being the distinctions and caresses bestowed upon this earl, during King James's short and stormy reign, he was justly considered as a staunch supporter of that prince's measures, and

even unfairly accused of having embraced Popery at the King's persuasion.

"This circumstance created, and afterwards fed an unhappy feud between Lord A–r–n and his father, the Duke of H———n. False to the faith of the family whose title he only bore by courtesy, this nobleman had espoused political interests diametrically opposite to those of his son, who had early entered into the measure of inviting over the Prince of Orange. So powerfully did the duke exert himself to fix this potentate on the throne, that he was chosen President of the Convention of the Scottish estates, who voted the prince King, and was by them invested with the dictatorial power of seizing and imprisoning all suspected persons.

"Lord A–r–n, on the contrary, was by gratitude and loyalty so strongly attached to the person of James the Second, that, without abetting his religious principles, he steadfastly adhered to him in the midst of all his troubles; he sedulously, though in vain, endeavoured to restrain the defection of his party; he marched

with him to Salisbury; he attended him in his flights, and remained constantly with him, until he finally embarked.

" When he waited at length on the Prince of Orange, the excuse which he pleaded for being the last who paid his respects, was, 'that the duty which he owed to his absent master, would not permit him sooner to have this honour.'

" At the ensuing meeting of the Scottish Lords and gentlemen, held in London, although the president was his father, whose devotion to the Prince of Orange was avowed, yet Lord A–r–n in a bold and animated speech, opposed the motion for addressing the Prince to take upon himself the government of Scotland; and moved, 'that his Highness be solicited to invite his Majesty to return and call a free parliament, for securing our religion and liberties, according to the known laws of the realm.'

" He, however, failed in this amendment, by which he only drew upon himself the resentment of William, who soon after deprived him of the command of the regiment, and, with the concur-

rence of the Duke of H———n, had him committed to the Tower.

" He now underwent a long and painful imprisonment, during which his friends were debarred of all access to him; he was even prevented from corresponding with any one, and for many months denied the benefit of the habeas corpus act, whose operation lay suspended. He was at length liberated, upon giving security for his conduct and appearance; but thereafter looked upon with a suspicious eye. His steps, his words, nay his very looks, were narrowly watched; an attempt was even made upon his life, by four armed ruffians, who in the night attacked him in Pall Mall, but, with the help of his trusty attendants, he repelled their assault and put them to flight*.

" A coincidence in sentiments and disposition had long linked Lord A–r–n in close intimacy

* Lord A–r–n had strong reasons to suspect Lord M–rlb—gh to have plotted this assassination, from his well known inveteracy.

with the Duke of Gr–ft–n, to whose good offices he stood principally indebted for his late enlargement. He had before been struck with the unfolding charms of his friend's youngest sister, Lady Barbara; he was now captivated by their maturer power. His visits at Cl–v–l–nd House thence became more frequent and lasted much longer. This circumstance had not escaped the vigilant observation of the spies, by whom he was surrounded, and who were ordered to redouble their assiduity and strive to discover the true source of the earl's partiality to that mansion. It was in consequence soon after given out, that Lord A–r–n, who had lost his Countess, the daughter of the Earl of Su–d—l–nd, had been privately married to Lady Barbara F–tzr–y, whom the slightest breath of slander could in no wise impugn, but who was said to have been brought up a papist.

" This report, which no pains were taken to contradict, awakened the resentment of the Duke of H———n, whose dislike of the Romish religion had ever been unconquerable. It no less incensed

the Queen, on whom the executive government had devolved, during the King's journey to Holland, and it was a second time resolved to send Lord A–r–n to the Tower, upon the plea of his being concerned in Lord Preston's conspiracy. Meanwhile Cl–v–l–nd House was searched, and *his papers*, in the possession of Lady Barbara, *were seized* as treasonous.

" In the agonies into which this lady had been thrown by the proceedings against her lord, she had been delivered of a son*, whom his grandmother, the Duchess of Cl–v–l–nd, with the consent of his uncle, the Duke, had named Charles.

" Neither the birth of this son, nor the pangs of his distracted mother, had any influence to soothe the Duke of H———n and reconcile him to this alliance. He even refused to listen to any overtures for averting the earl's threatened trial, and consenting to his liberation, save upon the express condition, that Lady Barbara should retire to a convent upon the continent, and separate for ever from his son.

* The 30th of March, 1691.

" After the most excruciating conflict, this exemplary and devoted wife made the required sacrifice. Mustering what strength her nearly exhausted state left her, she tore herself from her infant son, whom the duchess, her mother, undertook to rear up, and withdrew to the Abbey of Pontoise, near St. Germain, where lingering illness by degrees undermined her delicate frame, and very soon terminated her sufferings in death.

" Lord A–r–n, frantic with grief and vexation, disdainfully resisted all applications for entering into a fresh security for his future conduct, and even positively refused to pass his word not to hold any communication with the Court of St. Germain's. He was however tied down to the terms subscribed the year before by himself, the Duke of Gr–ft–n and Lord F–v–rsh–m, by which he was bound to appear whenever required, and restricted to reside in Scotland under the penalty himself of £10,000, and his two securities of £5,000 each. These preliminaries adjusted, it was notified to him upon his coming

out of the Tower, that twenty-four hours only were allowed him to remain in London.

" Having employed this short interval principally about his infant child, whom the fostering care of the Duchess of Cl–v–l–nd was rearing up at Chiswick, he set off for Scotland and fixed his residence at Thinniel, where he dragged on a painful existence until the death of his father, whose titles, however, he could not assume for three years, when, with much difficulty, a patent was at length obtained to confirm the surrender made in his favour by the Duchess Anne, in whom the honours of the house vested as heiress general.

" Having formed a new and wealthy alliance with the Hon. Miss Elizabeth G–r–rd, daughter of Lord G–r–rd, of Bromley, he found it expedient to send his son over to France, and to entrust his person and education to the Earl of M–dd–t–n, at that time secretary of state to James the Second.

" This nobleman received his young charge with every demonstration of joy, placed him in his family, under the same masters who had

brought up his own sons, and in process of time reposed in him a large share of his confidence. The Court of St. Germain's were, moreover, not a little gratified by the possession of this youth, whom they considered as a certain pledge of the duke's attachment to their cause, and whom the late great sufferings and splendid virtues of his mother entitled to additional regard.

" Great was the weight and influence, which now, towards the close of Queen Anne's reign, the Duke of H———n enjoyed, both at home and abroad. He had been created Duke of Br-nd-n, and after the Union, appointed master general of the Ordnance. In addition to the order of the Thistle, conferred upon him by James the 2nd, his royal mistress had honoured him with that of the Garter; and he was daily expected in France as ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary from Her Majesty to that Court, to conclude the treaty of the peace of Utrecht; but before he could set out upon the embassy, he was cruelly deprived of his life in Hyde Park, on the 15th of November, 1712.

" The shock felt by the son, at the news of this horrid catastrophe, which robbed him of so dear a father, may be more easily conceived than described. Instead of experiencing the heartfelt joy of being pressed in the embraces of a fond and indulgent parent, whom he had the most powerful motives to love and to venerate; instead of beholding him caressed by crowned heads, and courted by multitudes, in the plenitude of power and in the enjoyment of full health and vigour, he learnt suddenly, and unprepared for the woeful event, that this great and amiable nobleman had been treacherously murdered in a duel with Lord M-h-n.

" In a situation requiring all the fortitude of stoicism, and the experience of advanced years, was this poor orphan left to encounter the frowns of adversity, without support and in a foreign land, at the age of one and twenty.

" Thus destined, as it were by Fate, to suffer, we see that your grandfather, my venerated parent, became from his birth, the innocent object of a rancorous persecution. Doomed never to behold

his exemplary mother, who, to rescue her lord, had, in the bloom of youth, heroically sacrificed herself, he had been at about five years of age removed from Ch—w—k to H———n, where, for a time, he experienced many parental endearments, and was much caressed by the Duchess Anne.

" Upon his father taking the title of Duke of H———n, he received the appellation of Lord A–r–n, and although his mother's marriage had never been formally announced, yet he was universally known to be the son and heir of the duke. The latter, after long grieving for his beloved Barbara, was at length, as we have seen, induced to espouse another lady.

" This union yielded not at first, the complete felicity which it had promised. The duke was too soon made sensible that his domestic peace could no otherwise be insured, than by the absence of his son. He therefore consigned the care of his education to his particular friend Lord M–dd—t–n.

No cloud for some years shaded my father's high prospects. In two successive births, the duchess only presented her lord with daughters. She was

at length delivered of a son, who was called Marquess of Cl-d-sd-le, a title, for the first time, borne by any of the family.

" Problematical as his succession to an undisputed title now appeared, still as the eldest son possessing a title far more ancient than that of his half brother's, and holding the duke's affection undiminished, my father's hopes remained in full vigour; they had even of late acquired additional strength, when, as you have read, they were at once clouded, through the atrocious assassination of his parent in 1712.

" With grief and rage conflicting in his breast, my father flew to Antwerp, in pursuit of the Duke of M-rlb-r—gh, originally the principal author of his parent's separation, and latterly, the dark contriver and instigator of this foul murder; in consequence of which he had been compelled to absent himself from his country. Upon this great offender appearing in the midst of a large circle, composed of the most conspicuous persons in the city, he resolutely made up to him, upbraided him with this enormous deed, and in a thundering

tone of voice, demanded at his hands immediate satisfaction. Appalled at the charge, the conscious criminal, in sullen silence, forsook the circle, nor thereafter, for six weeks, quitted his own apartments, until the Earl of A–r–n, despairing of a chance to fight him, had embarked for England, to take possession of his titles and estates.

" On his arrival he found, to his consternation, that while he was seeking to avenge the death of his parent, his absence had, to his prejudice, been too successfully improved by his step-mother the Dowager Duchess. By this interested and unrelenting enemy, every existing trace of his mother's marriage had been either carefully effaced or removed, and he himself was too bitterly taught to feel, that in this lady he was to prove his most powerful and determined foe; nay, the more effectually to work his ruin, he discovered that she was even combining with the friends of the Duke of M–rlb-r—gh, to whom she owed the murder of her husband. One crowning misfortune remained to annihilate all his hopes,—the substance of his maternal grand-mother, the

Duchess of Cl—l–nd, had been dissipated by a profligate husband,—and thus baffled and persecuted, he had no resource left, but in Prince Charles, with whom he had been brought up, and to whom he went for protection.

" In 1715 he repaired, a second time, to England, with a secret commission to the prince's friends, particularly entrusted to him by the Duke of Ormond and Lord Bolingbroke. To avoid detection, he would not take charge of any written documents; but being blessed, like you, with an excellent memory, he learnt by heart the different dispatches intended to be committed to his care, and faithfully delivered their contents to Lord Lansdowne, to whom he was sent.

" Fortunate for him did it prove that he had taken this wise precaution; for scarcely had he reached London, when it appeared that Bolingbroke, hackneyed in treachery, had, through the regent of France, betrayed the secrets of the prince his master, and unravelled the whole mystery of the very mission. My father was, in consequence, arrested, his baggage searched, and

himself examined by Mr. Walpole, who, after some detention, liberated him, with the strict injunction immediately to leave England, and if he valued his own head, never more to set his foot in the dominions.

" After a succession of unimportant events, in the year 1737, my father married Antoinetta Courtenay, of Archambaud, my mother; a lady of high descent, and disposition assimilated to his own, but more rich in birth, in mental and personal endowments, than in other possessions. With her he was urged by some friends to pay a visit to the possessor of his title, the Duke of H———n, whom he had before met at Rome, and who, in the genuine effusions of brotherly love, had expressed wishes to see him in Scotland, and intimated a readiness to make him amends for his sufferings. Whether this visit was ill-timed, or the Duke had since imbibed impressions of distrust; cold civilities were the only fruits reaped from this step. Of a spirit ill adapted to brook neglect, he would not long have protracted his stay, had not my mother's situation

rendered it ineligible to expose her in a passage across the sea. He therefore remained at Holyrood, where she gave birth to me, a circumstance which tended to increase my uncle—his brother's uneasiness. So soon as her health and mine permitted it, he embarked with us for the continent, and retired to Archambaud, a small seat on the river Dou, between Neufchatel and St. Hippolite, where the constant and uniform attentions of Lord Marischall, and some other British exiles, proved to his death the only alleviations made to his hard fate.

" Thus far, my dear boy, I have thought fit to prepare you for encountering the storms of life. Some years must naturally elapse before your understanding be sufficiently ripened to peruse these sheets. Whenever you do, take care you be not inflated with vanity at the contemplation of your descent. To you, so far from affording cause for exultation, it on the contrary points out the absolute necessity of arming yourself well with manly resignation. Let the consciousness of what you are, operate only as a powerful incite-

ment to excel others in intrinsic worth; and be you well assured that no human greatness is secure, unless it be seated in the soul, and beyond the reach of sublunary contingencies. Through your veins runs a noble stream, clear and undefiled; nay, I deem it the purer from its struggles with adversity. Above all things, I charge you carefully to preserve it free from the least contamination. On your countenance are palpably delineated the characteristic features of your ancestors. These must and will announce you, if, with them, in every point your conduct accord. Nature has endowed you with fine parts, which I am improving with unremitting assiduity; it particularly behoves you to apply them to the acquisition of an honourable independence, a situation which, alas! I have been able, but inadequately I fear, to secure to you.

"For this much, however, I may well be thankful; my will, which is deposited with these papers, secures to you, however slenderly, the maintenance of your rank as a gentleman, unscared by that frightful apparition—whose materi-

ality too many are, alas, doomed to feel—Want. I could have wished you more, but will not regret that my wishes may not, in my day, be realized. For it has ever been, and I trust ever will be, my aim to teach you, that it is not by the gifts of Fortune that happiness can be secured to man. No—the nearest approach to this feeling is reserved for a heart warmed by the sacred fires of humanity,—a soul sufficiently great to endure, without shrinking, the ordeal to which its Creator has ordained it, and feel content in the blessings which reward its trials. This, my poor Boy, is the whole philosophy of life, and much, I fear, will you need its support.

"Do not look for happiness: Heaven never intended to bestow it upon earth; if you attain contentment, you will be rich indeed. I trust you have been reared with every honourable principle, based upon religion. From these never deviate, as you value the love of a departed friend. —Early learn to withstand the fancied force of ridicule, it is generally the weapon of Vice, wielded in a weak cause to overcome Folly. In such

cases, despise the attack and scorn the assailant. Be slow to form friendships, and your attachments will be sincere. Let the principles of your acquaintance be your first care. These deduced from their actions, or, failing their actions, from those sentiments which you have actually ascertained to be their *true* opinions; these, I say, will ever give you an unerring insight into their character. Whenever, therefore, you meet a man whose principles you know to be wrong, shun him—he is a walking moral pestilence. But this, I doubt not, you will be unable to believe, until you have too bitterly experienced its truth. Yet, even at the prospect of this, we should not grieve; youth exists to-day as yesterday; too lavish of the heart's bright coin—confidence, it will not accept the experience which it has not bought. Therefore, under every misfortune, however severe, you may thus be consoled;—you have forearmed yourself against the disasters of a future day, which, but for this, might have proved worse even than the present.

"These few hints I fling out for your future

guidance in the world, not to daunt that eager spirit which I have hitherto marked with such delight, but rather that I may enable you to direct its energies with greater vigour, and, by pointing out the obstacles impeding the path of all, facilitate their evasion by yourself,—alas, if Heaven would but spare me in consideration of my many sorrows, to see the day—but I feel—I feel this cannot be! I shall soon be taken from you.—You, my dear Charles, will rush upon the arena of the world, eager to taste its pleasures, to bask in its precarious sunshine, and to pluck its worthless honours.—Merciful Father! to think that my orphan will be left without *one friend!* God be his guide in such a perilous strife. How awful, at such a moment, to reflect that the sins of the father are to be visited on the children! My dear boy, with all my faults I loved you,—the grave will divide us ere you read this, but some kind affections of your heart will remain to cheer my dreams, even in that dark abode! Poor child, I kissed you, sleeping in your little couch, before I sat down to this sad midnight task,—but these

thoughts are agonizing.—When the period I now contemplate arrives, your only surviving relative—if he outlives me, and his is a younger life—will be your cousin Douglas, now holding the title to which you are the rightful heir. Whether it will ever come to you, must be left in other hands, though I much fear that Duke James' papers were too surely destroyed or concealed, to leave any very strong hopes of verifying Lady Barbara's marriage.

"This much, however, is in your favour. The Duke regards you with considerable affection. He has no children, save a natural daughter, and is most unlikely, from his gay habits of living, ever to marry; even if his life should be spared beyond the noon of manhood, which I doubt. In many conversations on a subject so near to my heart as your welfare, he has expressed himself most kindly towards you, and has even gone so far as to propose a union between you and his child, in which case, his means are of course pledged to secure to you the legal enjoyment of your title and estates. On this point you are yet far too young for me to say much. No worldly in-

terests shall ever induce me, hovering on the brink of the grave, to influence your taking a step so irrevocably decisive of your future happiness or misery, as marriage. Yet, if on your attaining proper years, such a choice is still open to you, and the lady's attractions are such as will warrant your expecting your future welfare in such a union—I, for my part, shall not have the slightest objection;—her birth, the only disputable point, not being, in my view, a sufficient obstacle to counterbalance the numerous advantages of such an alliance. I am far, however, from thinking that such a marriage will ever take place, even though suggested by her father. For I fear I have too well judged his character, when I say that with all his noble and redeeming points, but a very slight reliance can be placed on the unstable determinations of so wavering a mind. I have, therefore, been contented with making him pledge himself to me in a most solemn promise, that while he lives he will never lose sight of you, but continue to exert his interest for your benefit to the utmost. Remember,

therefore, when we are suddenly severed, that it is on him alone you have any claim—though I much fear, that even in this, you will find him more apt to fail than to fulfil.

" If your age, therefore, be very young at this sad crisis—which, however painful, it is my duty to contemplate—do not be the first to bring up the topic of this marriage, but wait, and see what may be your cousin's plans respecting you. If these would still make you his son-in-law, your own feelings will decide your conduct. If on the contrary, however—and alas, even this is possible!—he should forget his promises to me and not seem to interest himself warmly in your favour, cease to hope anything from him, for what he does for you will be done on the instant. In this case then, lose no time in hanging on, but take immediate steps for entering into a profession. His majesty's service presents to you the only choice.—For diplomacy, should the Duke not exert himself in your favour, you will not have sufficient interest, besides you may be left too young. My own profession, that of the army, I

am compelled to confess, throws its debutants among scenes and men, but too apt to demoralize the noblest feelings of the heart. Take, then, the navy; I have had years of familiar intercourse with both services, and give it, in this case, a decided preference,—not for the rewards which it offers, or the comforts which it bestows; in both these points it is miserably inferior; but I recommend it, my dear Charles, to your choice, from the effects it produces on the character. A military life, it is true, confers a polish on its votaries, which we rarely see a naval officer possess, while the unlimited command to which the latter has been accustomed, too often gives to his manner a domineering tone.—The advantages of the former are not unfrequently dearly balanced by a hollow-hearted insincerity and dearth of estimable feeling, but the hardships of a seaman's bearing masks a sterling heart—I would rather that you should risk the blemish of the sailor's errors, than the contamination of the soldier's vices. It is with this one that I would rather mix, but it is the other that I would rather be.

" Contemplating this alternative, you will find with these papers a correspondence with my old friend Admiral Fluke. By this you will perceive that the time for entering the navy is in general at twelve years old; anxious, however, to continue your education as long as life is spared to me, I have been enabled, through the Admiral's kindness, to get your name borne on the books of one of the harbour ships at Portsmouth, since the date of your attaining that age.—This time, should you be obliged to enter the navy, will always count to you, while nothing will be easier than to abandon the idea at pleasure.

" Admiral Fluke served as a junior officer under your maternal uncle, who bade fair to gain a distinguished rank in the naval service, but just as he was about to grasp his well-earned flag,—Fate decreed his fall,—full of honours, it is true, but under circumstances not a little mysterious, and melancholy indeed.—You will find Admiral Fluke, if he be living, whimsical in his habits, but possessing a heart which God has stored with all that is generous in sentiment, and noble

in deed. He will, I am sure, most cheerfully do all that is necessary to serve you in the navy, and assist your advancement to the last.—I bequeath to him the most precious gift I have to leave—your filial love.—Remember it is all that you can proffer to him, in return for the kindnesses which I feel he will be delighted to heap upon you.—Above all things, reverence his advice; no man can afford you better.

"With these papers you will find the patent, granted to your grandfather, by which I hold my title.—As, however, it is of French origin and tenure, I think you will find it operate against you when in the English navy, and for this reason, added to the comparatively straitened circumstances in which I am obliged to leave you,—take my advice, and forbear assuming it, until you have at least gained some rank in your profession.—Towards your doing this, you will find that I have gradually paved the way, not only by the retired life I have latterly led, but by forgetting whenever it was practicable that so useless an appendage belonged to my name. Should you enter the navy, let it be with

a firm determination to rise in it.—This is a sure path to success in any line of life. To this end never forget the lesson I have unceasingly impressed upon you – that your first moral duty is to act the part of a gentleman—a man of honour. To insure your rise, and win the esteem of your brother officers, it is then only necessary that you invariably obey your orders with alacrity; that you show your zeal for the service, in your attachment to its duties, and your affection to your superiors; of whom, should your opinion at any time be unfavourable, never divulge it, until it is imperative on you so to do.

"Never break your leave, or ever utter that which you would be unwilling to commit to paper. Strenuously avoid a character for being quarrelsome. Always oblige your brother officers and shipmates when in your power. Submit cheerfully at first to the ordeals which all junior officers must undergo; but a fair noviciate being past, never suffer any individual to play the bully, nor even permit the slightest imputation to be cast upon your courage or your honour. Do but

follow these rules, my dear Charles, and you cannot fail to advance with credit to the service and with pleasure to yourself: remembering above all things what I have said about the ridicule of your companions. On no account, I repeat, allow yourself to be laughed out of that which is right. It is the most cowardly act of which you can be guilty, as well as the most foolish; since whatever thorns may beset the path of rectitude, those which surround error are multiplied ten thousand times.

"Bear in mind that I can have no motive in tendering this advice, but anxiety for your welfare. These views are founded upon my past knowledge of human nature; and I here bequeath to you the solemn testimony of one who reviews former follies with the most keen remorse, that had I at my onset in life, possessed such a guide as these sheets ought to prove to you, I should not on my death-bed have been compelled to leave so slender a provision for a beloved and orphan son.

"The day on which I date this is the centenary of my excellent father's birth; after whom

you and I are called. This name was given him by the Duchess of Cl–v–l—nd, in remembrance of his ancestor Charles the Second. A hundred years have already revolved over our misfortunes. May they find a period in you, and may the Almighty Disposer of events, to whose special protection I most devoutly commend you, crown your days with felicity!

" With these ardent vows, I shall to the last moment be,

" My dear Charles,

" Your tender and affectionate parent,

" CHARLES H———N.

" Holyrood, March thirty, 1791."

What were my feelings on finishing the perusal of this touching manuscript? I leave the answer to the heart of him who shall read these mournful pages when I too may be gathered to the dust. Amid a variety of sensations my mind was overwhelmed,—so tender—so noble—so beloved! Was this the parent I had lost? So resigned under the most bitter strokes of misfortune—so careful

of his high integrity, amid the manifold and strong temptations of struggling humanity — so watchful of the interests which Nature had committed to his charge. Was this beautiful example for ever shaded from my eyes? So devoted and single in his sentiments—so chivalrous and humane in his feelings, with a mind so varied and extensive in its knowledge—so accomplished and pleasing in his person, as I had known him to be, was this the gifted being whom society could no longer count among its members? I know not what the faults might have been which he so earnestly deplored, but to his virtues I had been the constant witness, of his attractions I had felt the full charm. And were all these losses to fall redoubled upon me? Did these precious, yet inestimable sheets comprise every thing that the tomb had spared? Were they to prove to me the sole relict of him who hitherto had been all? Were these to compose my sole chart along the bounded but sorrowful and perilous waste of life? Was there to be no relative with whom to share my joys and allay my woes, nearer than this sad

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testimony of a departed parent's love? Was my soul to know no dearer friend than this?

Alas! I was indeed an orphan! One answer sufficed for all these harrowing questions—"Even so!"

These papers might, I thought, to a certain degree soothe my sorrows, excite my emulation, restrain my exultation, if such were ever in store for me,—they might also prove a useful guide through life,—but could they watch over my sickness or support the sadness of a dying bed? No —no—no,—I was left—I was alone. The world was before me and busy life teeming around me, but I— ——

I was alone!

CHAPTER II.

But I have to enter on my life; I will not pause too long on this sad threshold—left as I was, so friendless, so young a creature, and one at whom Fate seemed determined to shoot her arrows for amusement, I cannot say that my misfortunes did not in some degree create their antidote. It is true they crushed, at a blow, the exuberant joy of youth which my boyhood had hitherto displayed, but at the same time they forced me to think much and deeply of every step I took; they contributed sooner than anything else could have done, to suppress the natural carelessness and folly of my age, and supply in their place a prudence that enabled me to avail myself with a singular rapidity, not only of whatever capacities I was endowed with by nature, but also of the artificial

advantages with which my father's unremitting assiduity had provided me in my education.

It was, however, some time before I could at all bring my mind to the task of considering what was before me—that I had to enter on the world and carve my own fortunes as best I might. It was indeed the labour of a giant, imposed upon a pigmy. At length, however, I summoned courage to write to my father's friend, Admiral Fluke, and after acquainting him with the lamented occasion of my intruding myself upon his notice, I mentioned the advice which my parent had left me, the anxious desire I had of following to the utmost the slightest wishes of so dear a friend, and concluded by saying, that if he could secure my continuance in the navy, as my father had pointed out, he would very much oblige me. In as short a time as the distance permitted, I was delighted with the receipt of the following letter.

"Fluke's Folly, near Portsmouth,
"January, 1793.

"MY DEAR YOUNKER,

"Your dispatch of the twentieth date, was re-

ceived here the day before yesterday, and glad as I am to do a good turn to an old friend, I had not thought that my poor services would ever have been called for by so sorrowful an occasion. To an old fellow like me, so often hulled, and now laid up in ordinary for so long past, every bell for an old messmate, is a warning to be ready to slip my own moorings, to say nothing of what I feel at losing so dear a friend as your father.

" But for you, my boy, you 're going to be one of us; the first thing for you, therefore, is to do your duty; and that as I take it, my Lad, is to cheer up, and as you say, do your father's will in all matters touching which you may have any clear orders; which I know he was too old a soldier and good an officer not to leave behind for ye.—As for you 're being shipped, my Boy, Phil Fluke has too many friends to find any difficulty in so slight a matter as that, were it not, as it is, managed all ready to your hand, so get all your traps in stowage; heave overboard all your lumber, make your poor father's orderly—old Donald—put ye into snug sailing trim, and then get ye here under all canvass as fast as you can, where you shall find

a good mess, a spare hammock, and a right warm berth, in the heart of yours, ever faithfully to command,

"PHILIP FLUKE,
"ADMIRAL OF THE WHITE,
&c., &c., &c.

"For the hands of Count H———n,
Holyrood Palace, Edinburgh."

"P.S. You won't feel hurt, my dear boy, at my saying that you are doing me a kindness by using my name at your banker's, and so on, for any sum ye would like. Your father's purse was mine before my own, so ye see you have as much right to the thing as if mine was your's. Any little knick-knack of the Count's you can spare I should like to have—I didn't think this was in store for my sad old heart, but 'tis God's will, Boy!—My eyes have long been past doing duty in the writing way, and my secretary, Corporal Royal, is so deaf that I must say no more at present than God's benison to ye, Lad! and make your number here as soon as ye can—you have lost a good father, and I have long wanted a son."

The above warm-hearted epistle was the first

true comfort that I had received from human being since my father's death, excepting always poor old Donald's attentions, which were unceasing. He, however, had ever been about me the same kind bustling old being, whose loss I had never known, and whose true value was therefore unable to estimate. In writing to Admiral Fluke, I had not, it is true, from my ignorance of the world, expected an evasion of the request I had made to him, but still my forlorn situation had a degree of seeming nature about it, which rendered the kind conclusion of his postscript most affecting. I at once conceived him to be, what in truth he was—a veteran, whom a thousand fights had spared, to be the delight of his friends, and the ornament of his profession.

At the same time, thought I, there must be something very funny about him. "Fluke's Folly"! Can this be the name of his villa? Very odd for a man to adopt one that seems to carry with it a censure of its owner. Again the execrable calligraphy of his secretary, Corporal Royal, the freedom of the address, "Dear Younker,"

seemed to correspond somewhat strangely with the ceremonious precision of the superscription. However, I have often heard my father remark on the peculiarity of character which so strongly marks the naval profession generally, and the Admiral in particular. These are but the proofs of his correctness.

On communicating the letter to Donald, he expressed himself in raptures one moment, and in despair the next; now he was dazzled by the splendid prospect which he affirmed to be laid open to me in my new profession, now he was in tears at the inevitable separation "from his young laird—his dear bairn."

The first violence of his emotions having subsided, we laid our heads together as to what ought to be my next step, when we mutually agreed that the only duty which remained for me to execute in Scotland was to wait on my only relative and proposed father-in-law, the Duke of H———n, and submit the steps which I had taken for his approval.

Strange mixture that he was of every accom-

plishment that could dazzle, and every folly that could detach! Of the most generous heart, and the most careless friendship!—pledged as he was to my father, and professing of his friendship as he had ever been to me, I did think that he might have taken some further interest in the fortunes of his young kinsman, the intended husband of his child and heir of his titles—but alas, this was not to be the only lesson that was to instruct me how soon the follies of dissipation can efface the duties and kindnesses of life. His servants had often called to inquire for my health, and say how happy their master would be to see me at H———n, but he never came himself, and after the day when he, as second of kin, had lowered my father to his last repose, in that vault which was next to be opened for himself, I never saw him until in the midst of the gaieties of his beautiful seat I waited on him to take my leave.

Melancholy, indeed, were the reflections that then thronged upon me. I felt the tears rush into my eyes and a choking sensation arose in my

bosom as if my heart could no longer contain its sorrows, but was about to break.

It was from here that I had been summoned to receive my father's dying kiss. It was in these halls that my grandfather had been brought up to expect that the princely estates connected with them would one day be his own; it was from here that he was banished by the artful jealousy of a stepmother to insure the happiness of a beloved parent, and it is from here, thought I, as through a window, I beheld the Duke, surrounded by his gay companions, advancing to give me the interview—it is from here, where so many fond and futile dreams have been cherished, so many happy hours have been passed, so many dear associations still linger around me, that I must depart a solitary wanderer to seek my hapless fortune on the world? My spirit seemed to shrink within herself, and again there came over me that overwhelming presentiment of an evil destiny which first assailed me by the deserted death-bed of my father.

Turning rapidly from the prospect that called up such sombre phantasies, my eyes rested on the portrait of the ancestor whose assassination had proved the precursor of all our misfortunes. From his death each sire had produced but a single son to fall successively beneath the iron wand of our persecuting fate, and I alone survived to bar the usurped claim of him who was squandering in profusion, the revenues of the lands to which I, the true heir, was to become a stranger.

" Ah! Charles, my boy, what! art come at last? A scot's true welcome to you!" interrupted the light tones of the Duke as he entered the room; " we 'll do our best to cheer ye up," he added with all the natural kindness of his manner, as he shook me warmly by the hand and slapped my shoulder, " and faith, poor heart, but you've had a sad time of it!"

" Yes, your Grace," I replied, as soon as the emotions struggling within me allowed me to speak, " I have come, but it is to take my leave."— " Tout, man, hold your tongue—where should you be going? Take leave! I'll not hear of such

a thing,—Kenneth!"—playfully putting his hand before my mouth, to prevent my replying, while he gave his orders to his favourite servant. "Put Count H———n into his old quarters, and set him on his pony, or stay—she's been bled—well, take him down to the stables, and when he has chosen his beast, bring him on to me at the hill."—Then, addressing himself to me, "we're going to take a ride, you must come and get a merrier mood among us.—So—here's Kenneth, to tell you all about it, as I am pressed for time," and before I could recover from my surprise, or arrest his departure, he turned, and left me to the care of the domestic he had named.

At this warm reception, I own brighter thoughts did spring up in my bosom, and as I changed my dress, I said to myself, "So, then, he will not allow me to be banished from a country and a scene so dear to me.—My father has wronged him in the estimate of his character. I, too, have been equally guilty—I, into whose amusements he has so often entered with so much alacrity,—I should have known him better." Thus cheered by the bright-

ening of my prospects, I rode out with a lighter heart than I had known for many a day; proposing to myself, on my road, to write once more to Admiral Fluke, and inform him, with many thanks, of the change in my destiny. "That, however, I will delay a few days, until Douglas speaks, as to what are his future intentions respecting me; still, thought I, as he will, doubtless, wish me to travel, I shall make a point some day, of seeing the kind old officer who was so ready to help me in my distress."

Day after day passed—some idle nothing always occurring to take up the attention of my kinsman, when he was not engaged in his sacrifices to the gods of Sleep or Wine. Still I had no reason to complain of an outward want of kindness, but beyond his usual *bonhomie*, and the free salutations of the day, I frequently had no opportunity of any intercourse with him, while a consideration of my youth, and a feeling of reserve, withheld me from at all thrusting myself on his notice.

This action, on a mind naturally proud and sensitive, could not long continue, and I at last

seized a favourable moment of speaking to him alone. This occurred one morning after breakfast, when I found him by accident in the library, very busy caressing three fine spaniels, which were fawning on him with all the affection of their race.

" Well, Charles, my boy! what mischief are ye bent on to-day?—I hope ye take care of yourself here.—Ye should know how by this time, for we make no stranger of ye, cousin, eh, man?"—" Why, truly, your Grace "—" Tout, Charley—ye may forget the Grace between us—they christened me Douglas."—" Well, then, Douglas, it was on this very subject that I wished to speak to you. My father's wishes, as they appear from his papers, were, that I should on his demise, adopt the navy as a profession, through the interest of his friend, Admiral Fluke, the promise of whose services I have already received. I wished, however, to consult you, before I took any final step."

" What, dog, Charley?" rubbing his spaniel's ears, " so you wish to see the world, eh, coz?—What, Fan!"—addressing this latter speech to his

canine friend, "how sore you've made your feet, poor little bitch!" playfully pressing his lips to the animal's face, "you shall have them soaked in bran and water.—Hey there, Kenneth!" calling to his servant, whose voice he heard, as the library-door was open—"I' faith, Charles, my boy, I commend your spirit"—speaking once more to me, while he rose up, snapping his fingers to the dogs, at whose gambols he was looking—"Nothing like seeing the world—Hey, Kenneth!—here Fan, poor little bitch!—So if I can be of any service to you, Charley—a murrain on that fellow, Kenneth!—Kenneth!"—I heard his voice die along the echoing passages, intermingled with the fifty tones of the different menials, who repeated their lord's call, while, with flying feet, they hastened to obey his summons.

—— Looking around the room, I found myself the only tenant, and as the scene which had passed, conveyed its lesson to my mind, I sank upon the nearest chair, and wept in silence.—My father, you were right! This is a sad, an early, but a bitter proof that your estimate of human nature

has been but too truly founded on experience. This is no more a home for me. I will take leave of my careless relative and depart.—Generous old sailor! How different has been the conduct of the kinsman and the friend!

That day I neither rode nor walked, beyond the immediate vicinity of the house, whose noble pile reminded me of an observation of my parent, which pointed out more strongly than could any other reflection have done, the uselessness of regret.

"In a few years," said he, as we last drove from these walls together, "the busy beings around us will have crumbled to dust, and those chambers will be mouldering into a similar decay—strangers will wander over their ruins, and muse on the greatness of other men, and former times, as I and many more have done, in the villa of Mæcenas; but alas!" he exclaimed, with a melancholy tone, "whose fame among the numerous race that have trodden these halls—whose fame shall consecrate the pile?"

I thought I still heard his voice, as looking from the carriage-window this pensive thought

escaped him, and while the emulating flame of youthful hope burned bright within my breast, a voice from the bottom of my soul forbade me ever to think that it should be mine!—Which was it to be?

It was now but too evident that nothing was to be expected from an idle dependence on the Duke. I had been trained up to rely more on my own exertions than on aught beside, and pride strongly seconded those feelings which had been instilled into me. My title, said I, with a bitter pang, is too good to need my recourse to any dishonourable means of establishing it, and if Heaven designs to restore me to my rights, it will not refuse my own honest exertion as the human means: but if the misfortunes of my fathers are to be extended to me, such a course of conduct will, at least, afford me one consolation, the sense of having done my duty will reconcile me to a scanty, but upright independence.

Let me at least be grateful, I concluded, that I have one true friend preserved to me; he is too brave, too long inured to the world, to change.

With a composed mind, I returned to dress for dinner, but the Duke had not returned. This, however, being no rarity, it excited little notice. Many of the guests were connections, as well as myself, and all being of the lordly sex, they seemed at no loss to account for his absence.

At noon, the next day, I determined to wait no longer for his appearance, but took my leave in a letter, which I left for him, and in which I explained all that was necessary, and gave him my address at the old Admiral's; I then set off for Edinburgh, where every thing was prepared for my departure for England.

The conveyance which I had chosen was the mail, for the English capital, but this was overruled by old Donald, who insisted that I "could na' think of going by ony thing but a Leith smack to London, for three reasons,—first, there could na' be a doubt it would be the most reasonable—secondly, the young laird would see it was like the beginning his profession at ance,—and thirdly, aboon a', was it not the Admiral's very orders to be getting to him under all canvass?" This was con-

clusive; it was the last time, perhaps, that I could ever show a deference to the faithful old man's advice. I allowed him to secure my passage, and on the third morning after my return to Holyrood, I took a final ramble over its tenantless old chambers, and then entered the chapel, to pay my sad adieus to my father's tomb.

I looked, in vain, for some little fragment which was loose, to bring away, and remind me in a foreign land of all that I had left dear in this.—I found not what I sought. Mine should not be the hand to mutilate the slightest portion of his sepulchre, and I was about to depart, when the early sunbeam, which played sweetly on the marble home of the dead, made me linger with a pleasing, but not unholy sorrow.

So peacefully sleeping in your last couch!—Ah, if I only shared your repose, the many griefs to which I am wandering would be spared me!

A beautiful weed, growing among the interstices of the tomb, here met my eye. I picked it, and placing this frail emblem and memento of the dead in my pocket-book, I left the chapel.

Nature, at least, thought I, does not forget to ornament the grave of him whose soul she had so richly endowed. Are the same kind offices in store for me? and when and where will they be performed? My father! your mourners have been few, but will not mine be less? With these sad thoughts, I drove from the court-yard, and hastened to commit my clouded fortunes to the deep.

CHAPTER III.

A NEW era now commences in my life. Hitherto it had been one of thought and feeling, and as such I have written of it. From henceforth it was to be one of actions and of deeds.—If I have lingered over the first, is it not natural that the first emotions of the mind should possess a charm, which subsequent events cannot lessen or efface?

Donald, having seen me and all my baggage in safety on board the smack, shook hands with me repeatedly, until the vessel was about to depart, when he quitted her decks, rubbing his eyes with the back of his hand, and looking those adieus he could no longer be heard to utter.

My grief I did not attempt to conceal, and through my tears I beheld my old instructor and drill sergeant in all my martial exercises, walk pensively down to the end of the little wooden pier, and there await our passing, when he waved his hat, and continued to do so, with a slower

motion, until the distance rendered so small an object indistinct.

Poor Donald! It was true that to his eyes the "ample page" had never been unrolled, or he would have known how truly his feelings had been described by the Scythian exile:

> "Ut te non poteram, poteram tua vela videre;
> Vela diu vultus detinuere meos.
> At postquam nec te, nec vela fugacia vidi;
> Et quod spectarem, nil, nisi pontus, erat."

The wind was strong and cold, but I protracted my stay on deck until the last moment, willing to gaze on my native shores as long as Fate would permit.

Having left Inch Keith upon our lee, and passed the Bass upon our weather bow, the light began to fail, and as the outline of the land became each moment less distinct, the dreariness of my lot seemed more and more to unfold upon me; I coveted even the wild homes of the rabbits I had so often hunted; and envied the sea-fowl their tempestuous eyrie on the Bass, since, whatever might be the danger which threatened their lives, they at least seemed to be spared the feelings of an exile, and blessed with a freedom that instinct

alone controlled. Even the distant ruins of Tantallon Castle, the gloomy hold of my stern old ancestor, seemed then a home to me!

Turning, however, from these mournful feelings, I endeavoured to comfort myself by reflecting, that I had taken a decisive step; that I left every thing settled behind me. The remains of my father's property, of which I had not thought fit to dispose, were entrusted to the care of his agent, with secret instructions to Donald, to keep a good look out on them: since agents, we know, are occasionally troubled with a peculiar phantasm of the mind, which, making them believe themselves principals, instead of secondary personages, induces them to part with the property of others, as though it were their own; this, to say the least, is awkward—particularly when the acquiring parties are obliged to refund.

My income, small as it was, was secure, and, for my profession, sufficient, and the thought of this pleased me by the momentary instillation of an honest pride; for though wealth might endeavour to annoy me, by comparing its display with my

poverty, still my bosom would never know the pangs which want must feel, when forced to supplicate the assistance of those more highly favoured. "These," thank Heaven, "are indeed blessings!" and sitting myself down on the signal-swivels, I laid my face on the cold gun, to counteract the effects produced by the motion of the ship.

In a few minutes I fell asleep, and was roused by the steward, who announced dinner. This I felt unable to touch, but as a thin sleet had begun to fall, I desired they would shew me to my cabin, where, notwithstanding its apparent misery, I was glad to lie down.

It was on the evening of the second day, that the steward again came to wake me, inquiring if I would not like some supper, for since my arrival on board, I had taken little or no sustenance. Feeling very hungry, therefore, and free from the distressing nausea that had before oppressed me, I accepted the offer very readily, and desiring them to get me what they could, I entered the passengers' cabin.

"I tell you what, Sir, I tell you what it is," reiterated the captain in his loudest tones, while arguing with one of the passengers, who, beside the captain and myself, was the only tenant of the cabin, "you may talk as you like of your freedom, and all those fine names, that mean nothing at all, and call the correction of the masters and overseers brutal barbarity, but I tell you there's no peasantry in the world half so well off as the black population of the West India colonies. What do they want? Haven't they plenty to eat, haven't they clothes to their back, and roofs, ay, and good roofs, for their heads? What would ye have for them?—How many of our countrymen in poor auld Scotland haven't these comforts! Why don't you look at home before you think of mending the condition of those who ask ye for nothing."

"Well, but Captain," returned the passenger, who seemed to be an Englishman, "do you mean to tell me they are properly treated?"

"Treated? ay, that are they," returned the Scotch captain, whose language appeared to be

wonderfully free from both the idiom and accent of the land to which he professed to belong, "What should prevent their being treated properly?"

"Why, the simple fact of the baseness of human nature, if nothing else. I say nothing about individual cases of kind masters occurring, that will always be found under the worst circumstances, but take it on the broad sure principle, take the tendency of man's disposition in general into account, when did you ever hear that in an unequal state the weak and defenceless were not the victims of oppression?"

"Oh, as to that, if you philosophize on the matter, I've done; all I stand up for is the fact, and as to human nature let every man speak as he finds it. I have nothing to complain of, God knows; I always wish to lend a helping hand wherever I can, and I give others the credit of doing the same by me.—I find no fault with human nature, it's good enough for me; but perhaps you cut another man's sails by your own masts."

The gentleman to whom this was addressed

seemed rather nettled at the remark, and quickly replied by saying "Well, Captain, you seem so positive on the subject, I began to think that you must know somewhat more of the colonies than you give us reason to suppose; have you ever—"

"Coming, coming!" suddenly bawled the captain, starting up and running on deck to meet the person whom it would seem he had heard calling him. The passenger who was thus left alone, nodded his head, as if to himself, and went on with his supper.

Well, thought I, that last seems to be a very fair sentiment of the captain's, he must be a good hearted man; it seems to be a poor argument against any particular condition of things, to state by the reasoning of philosophy, on the temperament of man, that it ought to be bad. My neighbour here on my right, so busily engaged in devouring his supper, must surely be some disappointed fellow, to run down human nature so harshly. Though I hate the system of slavery in the West Indies, which, I suppose, they were discussing, I think many better arguments might

be adduced for its suppression than the mere theory of human nature,—that slavery and justice cannot exist together. It surely must be envy which prompts people to run down humanity, and I think better of the captain for defending it. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh;" it must be his own goodness of disposition which prompts him to think well of others.

With these thoughts I finished my meal before me, and determining to shun the society of the maligning passenger, and seek that of the kind-hearted captain, I returned upon deck.

The wind having shifted round to the north-west quarter, I found we were going what they called free, and at a speed which to me seemed delightful. I had often before this been on the sea for four-and-twenty hours together, so that the feelings usually attendant on a first voyage were considerably lessened. By the advice of the captain, I had taken a wine-glassful of brandy, and this, while it seemed to charm my cares away, dissipated every unpleasant sensation that remained.

Most people would have thought themselves very fortunate in thus conquering an enemy so much dreaded, but alas, bitterly had I to regret my conquest!

But not to forestall.—The night being extremely fine, and the breeze from that invigorating quarter which makes the heart pulsate with a joy as inexplicable as it is indescribable, I paced the deck as steadily as I could, revolving the sad destinies which had so long clouded my own particular branch of our house, and painting in fairy hues the vista which now seemed open to my young and boundless, but honourable ambition.

One by one the passengers retired below to their berths, until the seaman at the wheel, the mate of the watch, the captain and myself, were left alone upon the quarter deck. The third named personage coming up to me as I leaned over the vessel's bulwark to windward, began to remark on the fineness of the night, and entered at once into conversation. Some allusion to the argument which had passed below, induced him

to re-enter on the subject of colonial slavery, and after many encomiums on the natural and inherent goodness of the human heart, he proceeded to describe to me in glowing terms the manner in which slaves were treated, their christenings, and weddings, at which he assured me the owners were always present, at the former particularly, where they generally stood sponsors. Again and again he declared their condition to be infinitely preferable to that of our own peasantry; that emancipation—only thought of by madmen—would prove their ruin and destruction, and assuring me that the slaves themselves were averse to such an interruption of their present happiness, he then modestly touched on the kind feelings of his own heart and love of seeing every thing "fair and square," and concluded by informing me that he had ever been guided by his favourite motto, which was—"Honesty is the best policy."

"And so you 'll find it, Sir," added he, "take a blunt seaman's word for it. However, as it's but cold work talking up here, and getting late,

suppose we go below. I've same capital arrack on board; perhaps you 've never tasted it, Sir, and would like to take a drop?"

"Yes? Ay, I thought you would; well, we'll just take one small glass and then turn in."

Finding in my heart no disinclination to comply with the captain's kind request, we returned together to the passengers' cabin. Here we found that every one had retired to rest; the captain, however, called up the steward, and making him set the necessary ingredients on the table, my kind friend permitted him to return to his hammock, and proceeded to brew for me a glass of arrack punch.

Though I have never been able to bring myself to taste that beverage since, yet I well remember —as though it were a matter of yesterday's date— the sweet, novel, and I then thought delicious, flavour of this drink. The first social glass was only half drained when my soul seemed to expand towards the being who assailed my heart with unexpected kindness.

"Well, Sir," said the captain, observing the

high esteem in which I held both his punch and himself, "You think this is good, eh? Glad you like it! Happy to have it in my power to place it before ye. However, let me drink your health in it, here's success to ye wherever ye go, though you are somewhat young to be leaving your country—however, maybe you're going to your parents?"

"No, indeed," I replied with a sigh, my mirth suddenly checked by this allusion, "would that I were! but alas, I have no parents to whom to go, though I may indeed say that they are gone before me."

"I beg your pardon, Sir, I am sure, with all my heart; there's nothing I thought of less, that bringing such a sad chance to mind. I respect your sorrows, Sir, young as you are. Ay, Sir, I can share them too, for I was left without father or mother nor little more than eleven years old and three months. Ay, Sir, I was indeed. But God be thanked, he didn't desert me. So I went aboard a whaler, and after that from one ship to another till I tumbled on my feet where I am

now, and a snug berth I've got of it, and I hope I'm thankful, but this I will say for myself, though maybe I ought not to say so, my motto's always been 'Honesty's the best policy,' and if you want to get on in this life, Sir, that's the road."

"Your right, indeed," said I, my heart glowing at the expression of sentiments which touched, as it were, all the hidden sympathies of my own bosom.

"How strange that our conditions on first starting should have been so similar!" I continued to myself; then aloud, "I myself am about to commence a nautical life, though not exactly in a whaler, and if the rank of life be somewhat different, the loneliness of the one is nearly equal to that of the other."

"Sorry to hear it, Sir, very sorry, but if it is so, all the grief in the world will not mend it. There's nothing like depending on one's own exertions, and I only wish your success may be equal to mine. Though I dare say, as you remark, the rank of life betwixt us at starting is different enough—not that I wish to pry, Sir, into your affairs, by no means."

Eager to rebut this seemingly inferred charge of suspecting one so friendly, I assured him that I had nothing to conceal, and as he filled my glass for the second time, I mentioned the circumstances of my recent loss, my being without any relative nearer than a distant cousin, and consequent determination to go to sea. As I proceeded in my narrative, he seemed deeply interested in it, and several times drew the back of his rough hand across his face as if to brush away the tears which my recital had drawn forth.

" A hard case, Sir, a hard case indeed, young Sir!" said he in a sorrowful accent, " but I fear that you're farther off yet from your port than you imagine; for unless this Admiral is a better hearted sort of fellow than many of his cloth, you'll find it more difficult to get afloat perhaps than you think. However, bear up withal, Sir. I was once worse off than you, and got a helping hand when I least expected it, and I hope I'm thankful for it, and as I was done by, so I ought to do, and so, Sir, I was going to say, hoping you'll pardon my boldness, that perhaps as you may find more

difficulties in your way than you think of, if the loan of a few pounds—Heaven knows I haven't many to offer, and may be am taking a liberty in offering these—but still it may—"

"Thank you, captain," I hastily interposed, my heart leaping into my mouth, and my voice thick with emotion "thank you with all my heart, but I am already provided with a sufficiency, for I have in my purse seventy-three pounds odd, and"—

"Seventy-three pounds," said he in an altered tone, and with a look which I did not quite comprehend, "that is a larger sum than I could think of offering. I hope you take care of it, for in a ship there are always many thieves."

"Are there, indeed? I must be on my guard then, but still I suppose it is safe about my person? here—see in this pocket."

"Why, ay, it may be pretty safe there I dare say—let me see! I couldn't get at my desk."

"Thank you," I suddenly replied, intuitively shrinking, I know not why, from the idea of parting with my purse.

"Well!" he quickly resumed, unheeding the

want of trust I had displayed, " since I cannot take charge of it you must manage to shift for yourself, and keep a sharp eye on it, for afloat the scoundrels would steal one's eyes were they good for anything, and the lids not closed. However, I must turn in. 'Tis a sad tale yours, young Sir, it makes my heart ache when I think of it; come, one more glass?"

" No, I thank you."

" Well then, half a one. Come, here's better luck still, and if I could do anything to serve ye 'twould do me good to do it."

The captain now lighted me to my berth, and the unusual quantity of stimulus I had taken, making me feel excessively sleepy, I soon forgot my cares. Before I slept, however, I remember some singular thoughts to have crossed my mind. There was a peculiar expression of the captain's face which I could neither understand nor banish, and which accorded as ill with his motto, as did his inadvertently dropped suspicions of Admiral Fluke, and the sea-thieves, with his expatiation on the inherent virtues of mankind.

Early in the morning, so early that the merest glimmer of light was visible in my berth, I felt some one shaking me by the arm. My first act was to place my hand upon my purse, which I had carefully secreted. That being secure, I turned my head, and beheld a figure, whose voice proclaimed it to be the captain.

"Mr. Arran—Mr. Arran!"

"Is that you, captain?"

"Yes, Sir, I'm just come down to say, that there's a capital chance for you," speaking in a low voice.

"Why? what's the matter?"

"Why, you're going on to Portsmouth, are you not?"

"Yes, that is my ultimate destination, but what of it?"

"Why this—but speak low, Sir, for there's a friend of the owners on board, and I don't wish him to know that I've let a passenger slip through my hands—if you're going to Portsmouth, this is your best opportunity, for there's a devilish snug

craft alongside, bound straight on for Spithead—we fell in with her this morning; and finding that an old friend of mine is the commander, I went on board—you'll excuse my boldness—but I once had to fight my own way in the world, with nothing but an honest heart to recommend me—so I thought, if I could do you a good turn, I shouldn't hurt myself, and 'twould be all the better for both of us. I asked the captain, therefore, if, as a friend of mine, he would just set ye down at the sally-port, Portsmouth, passage-free, and he's told me to say, that if you'll share his mess, he'll be happy to have you for auld lang syne."

"What! then he's a countryman too, is he? Oh, I'll be delighted to get to my journey's end, without any further trouble!" I replied, jumping out of my berth with such haste, that I struck my knee severely against the bed-place.

"Gently, gently, Sir, you'll be waking that cursed prying rascal in the next cabin. Do you bear a hand and rig yourself, and I'll return upon

deck and get your luggage into the boat, ready for a start."

Transported with the charming kindness of my new friend, a very few minutes sufficed for me to array myself, and make my way as quietly as I could to the quarter-deck. Here, through the haze of a winter's day-break, I beheld, what appeared to me, a large three-masted ship. Her hull was high, and wholly black, and as she lay with her main top-sail aback, she scarcely seemed to contain a living soul.

"Ah, you're the lad to get on in the world, Sir," said the captain, coming up to me, "I see that, a sharp eye and a quick hand, they send a man forward; they only require an honest heart, and the day 's your own.—Coxswain, gently there, or I'll break your head—you infernal yelping squeaking blackguard! Can't you let a chest down into a jolly-boat, without making one believe by your row, that you are heaving up a best bower anchor?—Now then, Mr. Arran, we're all ready; I'm sorry to part with you, but I hope I'm

not so selfish as to prefer my own good to my neighbour's—I won't offer you any breakfast aboard here, for I heard Captain Mackay order his steward to lay the table against you came—Now, you've forgotten nothing, have you?"

"No."

"Well, that's right.—Come, then, let 's shove off—though, stay! you're sure that it's near Portsmouth where this Admiral Fluke's place is?"

"Oh, certain: I can show you his letter—here it is."

"Ah!" said he, with a thoughtful air, as he took the sheet from my hand, "a capital old officer he is seemingly, I've often heard of him before—By Jove! I'm not certain that my steward doesn't know him—just allow me to ask?"

"Certainly," said I, and he descended below for a few minutes, when he reappeared, and returning me the letter, informed me that it was not the steward, but his brother, who was acquainted with the admiral.

"It seems he is milkman to the family, and by

all accounts, a better hearted man than the old flag officer never existed—he's one of my sort—he's what I call an honest fellow, I wish you joy, Sir, of such a friend!—now then, I think we have nothing to detain us on board?"

"Nothing," I replied, "except that you will allow me to pay for my passage."

"Passage! tout, Sir, I'll not hear of such a thing."

"Well, surely then, for my board."

"Board! and you not out of your berth till yesterday evening, what board will ye have been consuming? No, Sir, no, keep your money, and when you've seen as much of the world as I have, you'll know more of the value of it."

"Well, but captain, I must insist that you wont put me under such deep obligations to you."

"Under nothing at all, Sir! Put your purse in your pocket."

"But consider, captain, if the owner should hear that you have lost a passenger."

"Yes, but he wont hear, and if he does, I hope

he's a heart to feel for a poor young orphan gentleman, like yourself, or if not, I'll bear the brunt of it."

"Oh! indeed, I cannot bear to think of that, indeed, I cannot, and to one who has been so very kind—I insist," I continued, seeing that I was gaining on him, "that you take this small sum, in case my passage-money should be demanded at your hands."

"Well," he replied, taking the five guineas I held out to him, wrapped up in paper, and turning partly away, as if to conceal his emotion, "you're an honourable honest-hearted young gentleman; I wont wound your feelings by imposing any obligations upon you, so I'll hold this money in case it should be asked for, but if not, I can send it back to you at the admiral's."

"Nonsense."

"Yes, yes, but I will though; and now I have to tell you, when you get on shore, don't you think of offering any money to my friend Captain Mackay there, for it will only offend him, mayhap, and be of no use—You'll find him, as I say, one

of my fellows—an honest straightforward sailor. A little rough in the shell or so, but with a kernel worth a jew's eye! Ah! Sir, you're young, you don't know the worth of such men till you try them."

I bowed my head in token of acquiescence, and said nothing, for I felt that my heart was full, and truly did I think he spoke; for who, from the ill-favoured expression of his face, thought I, would argue such a kindness of heart—a kindness, on my first entry upon the world's wide stage, which quite surprised me, so different was it from what I had been led to expect.

In a few minutes we were alongside Captain Mackay's vessel. On reaching her deck, an air of neatness and order were perceptible on board, which rather astonished me; so different did every thing appear to be, from the usual slovenly state which I had observed on board the few merchant vessels I had seen. The ropes were all taut, every thing was in its place, the decks, though not very white, were clean swept, and I observed a number of small guns round the bulwarks,

though the ports through which their muzzles were to be used, were put in and painted over on the outside, like the rest of the hull—black. A very short time, however, was allowed me to make my remarks on what I saw, for Captain Mackay coming on deck, I was introduced to him.

He was a short thick vulgar looking man, pock-marked, and still more ill-favoured than his friend, but being already prejudiced in his favour, the first warm shake of his hand together with his hearty welcome, readily uttered in a true northern accent, dispelled all thoughts of distrust—if any such were lurking in a mind, as yet almost too guileless to suspect. We now descended to break-fast. The captain of the smack snatching a hasty meal, rapidly talked over with his friend the old adventures they had enjoyed together; the fate that chanced this comrade, the luck which had befallen that, and after one or two hearty laughs at by-gone follies, rose from table to return on board.

"Well, Mackay," said he, "I need not ask you again to do every thing you can for this gentle-

man here, for I am sure I could not serve him better myself than you will. With such a fine breeze as this, if it lasts, you'll be at Spithead in no time, and then I've promised that you'll give him a-cast ashore at Sallyport, and let a couple of your men get his luggage on to the admiral's; 'tis but a couple of hours' walk, Mr. Arran, on the London road there. You turn down on the second turning to the right, and then——"

"Thank you kindly," I replied, interrupting him in his description, "but I will not trouble Captain Mackay any further than to set me ashore, when——"

"Well, well, Sir, that's as you like. I'm sure Captain Mackay will be very happy to do that for you. Now, then, is there any thing else I can do for you? — Oh! by the by, Mackay, where do you intend to sling Mr. Arran's hammock? for he has a large sum of money about him, as much as seventy pounds, which he prefers to keep on his person; so I tell him, he'd better keep his eye-teeth about him, for Jack tar knows how to thieve occasionally."

"Ay, ay," growled Mackay, with a sort of suppressed laugh, "I've known chaps aboard a ship, as would think nothing, on a long voyage, of stealing your bones to make soup."

"Just so, Mackay; so I was thinking, captain, if you could lock it up for him."

"Ah!" said Mackay, slowly looking at me to see how I took this proposition, and then, as he saw me display no eagerness to benefit by such a kindness, "No, no, captain, I'll have nothing to do with other people's money, my own is plague enough for me; I dare say my lads are as honest as your's, and if he could take care of it aboard of you, why he can here, and so he must just guide his ain gear."

"Oh! I don't doubt it, Mackay: of course I didn't mean the slightest allusion to your men, but merely to sailors in general.—Now, then, let us settle that business of the per centage of Messrs. Donaldson."—Mackay did not seem to comprehend.—"On the last cargo you know; I shall see the eldest partner when I go back to Leith."

"Oh, ay!—then step in here, captain, will

you?" returned Mackay, inviting the other into his sleeping berth, which was parted off.

After three minutes' conversation, the "honest-hearted" captains returned: Mackay muttering, "ay, ay, that will do, mind you stick out to that, not a farthing less."

"No, no, Mackay, not a farthing less; and now Mr. Arran, I must be returning on board; I wish you all happiness, Sir, 'a clear conscience makes a light heart,' keep that and take care of yourself, and you've nothing to fear; and take care of your money too, since you can't get Mackay there to take charge of it, but perhaps he's right.—By the by, you've got it all safe, haven't you?—You've lost none of it aboard of me, see to that."

"Ay, ay, Mr. Arran," joined Mackay, "see to that."

"Yes, I will," I replied, advancing to the table, and taking out my purse before them, while I counted its contents.

"Yes, captain, I see it's all right; here is a bank-note for fifty, and the rest in guineas."

"Well, well, I'm glad of it, Sir, and now God bless you," giving me a hearty shake of the hand.

"Come, come, Mackay, I must be off," moving towards the companion ladder—then suddenly pausing, "stay, though, I've one word more to say to you about that business of——" but the name here mentioned I lost, for pulling Mackay back into his sleeping berth, and sliding the door forward, I could only distinguish some slight whispering, accompanied by the chink of money, and in a few seconds they rejoined me, when we all three repaired upon deck. The captains shook one another warmly by the hand, and after cracking some joke between them, which was to me utterly unintelligible, save that it seemed to afford them mutual satisfaction, my friend gave me his hand for the last time, expressed himself sorry to miss my company, and descending over the side, was swiftly rowed to his own smack.

Long, however, before the last named kind personage had gained his floating home, or even half-way, our main-yard was hauled, and we

were once more bounding forward on our course. In a few minutes, also, the smack was freed from her restraint, her fore-tack being hauled over to windward, and turning her head in a different direction from that in which it had for some time been lying, the waters curled up beneath her fore-foot, and she too pursued her "path upon the mountain wave, her march upon the deep." Somewhat to my surprise, however, I observed that she was going in a track whose destination seemed considerably wide of ours, and mentioned my ideas on this subject to Captain Mackay, but he replied in a speech so loaded with technical terms, that I was fain silently to confess myself as wise on the subject as before, and to comply with his suggestion, that we should return to the breakfast-table and finish our meal.

I cannot say that even this, when we returned to it, consisted of any thing very luxuriously inviting, but the captain seeming to be in a very jocular mood and full of funny stories, some portion of his mirth intuitively diffused itself over my own heart, and what with eating, drinking,

and laughing, and congratulating myself on having thus forestalled all further trouble until our arrival at Portsmouth, I contrived to get through the time which intervened till noon.

The ship's bell having sounded seven (half past eleven) for some little time past, an old hoary-headed seaman, who acted as quarter-master, came down, and taking on deck an instrument, which proved to be the captain's quadrant, we followed. Mackay now proceeded to take the sun, not with a view, as I afterwards learned, of getting the latitude, as the land was still in sight to windward, but merely for the purpose of correcting his time. My first impulse, on arriving on deck, was naturally to look for the smack, and not seeing her in any direction, as I thought, I asked the man at the helm, who replied to my inquiries by pointing with his finger, saying, "there she bears, Sir, hull down astern." I looked in the direction indicated, and to my great surprise beheld what I considered a mere speck on the horizon. The seaman seeing my surprise, though he did not appear to consider it very natural, told me that

there was a glass in the locker abaft. This I immediately drew forth and applied. That the vessel in question was the smack I had lately left I did contrive to make out, but it was as much from my having been told so, as from any thing I could now discover. This, however, I did think, that if it was the smack, she was proceeding in a course directly opposite to ours, for I remarked that her sails were trimmed to the breeze on the quarter, her square mainsail and topsail bearing her gallantly forward, and completely hiding her foresail and jib.

"Why! how is this, my good man?" said I, "she seems to be completely making away from us and sailing in the other direction, as if she were going back to Leith again?"—The seaman stared at me as if I had been mad, and with an incredulous smile, was about to reply, when the captain, who had heard my question, interrupted me—

"Look ye here, Mr. Arran, see to this; ye don't know how to handle a ship's glass yet, but I'll soon teach ye," and taking me with him once more to

the taffrail, he made me look through the telescope while he stood by with the quadrant in his hand. He then asked what I saw, and when I told him, he contradicted me, said I was quite wrong, that instead of seeing the sails I have named I saw others, and finally concluded by flooding my ears with a jargon of technicalities, and telling me that the smack's head was toward me and not her stern, and that she was following us under all sail. "But then, ye see, Mr. Arran, she can't think to sail wi' us. Why, here, sir, I've sailed for weeks together by and free, ay or slap before the wind, or only a point away from it, or easy here on the quarter, or for the matter of that close-hauled as we are now, but then! there's nothing scarce can come nigh us.—Ah! Sir, my friend away there's a smart fellow, but before he can tow a line for me*, he must have a faster ship, ay, and, though I say it, be a year or two longer afloat. Now ye know in future how to handle a glass; but I'll just be putting ye up to another wrinkle, come away here, and I'll show ye how to take the sun;

* Meaning get ahead of him.

you'll be a sailor yet, ere long," said he, slapping me on the back.—" Never mind the smack," seeing that I still regarded the movements of my late vessel with an uneasy eye, " if we're not at Portsmouth now before she's in London, my name's not Mackay."

Looking up at this moment, I thought I could detect a smile on my new tutor's countenance, but as I saw no cause for his amusement, the circumstance scarcely attracted my attention.

The sun being duly taken, and the twelve o'clock bell struck in consequence, the seamen went below to dinner, and the captain, moving towards his mate, asked me if I was not ready to accompany him to his meal. On my refusing, however, to partake of it, he returned to the spot where I was, seemed to hesitate for a moment or two as to what he should do, then giving his quadrant to the helmsman, and telling him to take it below, he took charge of the steerage wheel meanwhile, and endeavoured to persuade me to dine with him. This, however, I would not do; for, in truth, the wind having increased, my feel-

ings told me that I should best consult my own comfort by staying on deck. After vainly endeavouring, therefore, to gain his point, Mackay was obliged to abandon it to the call of his steward, who came to tell him that everything was getting cold. Muttering a curse which I but imperfectly understood, he sullenly ordered the helmsman to keep the ship's head nearer to the wind, and mind what he was at; then, telling me not to speak to people on duty, he mentioned something to the mate, and withdrew to his table.

There was something about his conduct which at first put me in a rage. The idea of this low dog treating me in a way which almost amounted to being insolent —"So much," said I, "for putting myself under an obligation; I wish I had never come on board the sulky hound's vessel." Then again suspicions crossed me, I scarcely knew of what, for the captain's looks betrayed an uneasiness which I had caught, though unable to say why. For ten minutes I walked the deck very quietly, and then paused to look at the smack once more; but the dot that now appeared upon

the waters, was far more like one of the winged denizens of the air, than a vessel capable of containing fifty or sixty human beings. "Why surely," I began to remark to the mate,——"Can't attend to that," surlily answered the fellow, leaving me to my meditations, while he walked forward to the forecastle. Wishing that his impudence might choke him, I turned to the helmsman, who seemed to have somewhat more of the traces of humanity about his countenance, but scarcely had I uttered two words, when I heard the mate's voice thundering from forward—"Jackson, d' ye hear, 'tend to the conn, (the steering of the vessel). Port—"

"Port it is."

"Very well, dice no higher."

"What in the name of fortune can this conduct mean?" thought I, not a little alarmed at such a change in the demeanour of those around me. Very little time, however, was allowed me for solving this question, for in a few minutes the captain made his appearance, and ordered the mate to send the hands upon deck, and shake out a reef in the topsails. Finding that during this

evolution I was likely to be considerably in the way, I went down to the cabin, determining to send the captain to Coventry for the next twenty-four hours, to teach him "manners," and you shall learn how I succeeded.

On reaching the cabin, the effluvia from the dinner affected me so much that I was fain to lie down, when I soon fell asleep. About five o'clock I awoke, and, to my great joy, beheld the steward arranging the tea-things. Of this meal I partook in company with the captain, taking especial care to say as little as possible, in order to mark my sense of his behaviour.

I did not expect, however, that such conduct would produce much impression on one of his phlegm, and I was right; he seemed to care as little about the circumstance as might a polar bear sent to Coventry by a canary bird. His society had now consequently become very hateful to me, and I therefore hurried upon deck. Here, however, I was not much better off, every one appeared anxious to shun me, and with whomsoever I might enter into conversation, I invariably

received some crabbed reply, or answer indistinctly muttered, and very often neither.

Imprecating again and again the impatience which had entrapped me into a dependence on such a brute as the captain, I comforted myself by thinking that my stay with him would be very short; and as night was setting in, and the land had for some hours past been declared out of sight, I betook myself—not to my little cabin—for even that apology for comfort was here denied me —but to a thing they called a hammock.

Both sorrowful and angry were my reflections before going to sleep that night. In vain did I try to account for the conduct I had experienced. All that I could perceive was that it was wholly unprovoked, and totally irreconcileable with that which I had hitherto imagined to be the sailor's character. Harassed and perplexed by the confusion of similar thoughts, I at length fell asleep.

CHAPTER IV.

At an early hour on the ensuing morning I awoke. A loud noise of water splashing about the decks was distinctly audible; and though not particularly fond of early rising, my state of inquietude prompted me to array myself and repair on deck.

Here I found the vessel under a very fair press of sail, going through the water at the rate of eight knots an hour. A stiff breeze was blowing; the reefs taken in the sails at nightfall on the preceding evening, had just been let out; the mate, seated on the hammock-rail of the quarter-deck, was directing three men to get an additional pull at the top-gallant halyards, while some more of the sailors were deluging with water the deck, which they had just scrubbed with their brooms.

The men were all of them without shoes or stockings, their legs appearing blue with the intensity of the cold wind, that whistled round my thin face till my teeth chattered.

Getting out of the way as quickly as I could, I walked forward, and mounting a slight elevation in the middle of the deck, where the spare spars supported the boats, I looked around for the land.

Wherever I turned my eye, an illimitable space of blue appeared. The ocean met the sky in every direction, while a few dots upon the former, —which I knew to be ships containing fellow-creatures, however distant,—alone relieved the sense of our dreariness. The scene to me was new; and for several minutes I enjoyed the somewhat stern, but not unpleasant ideas thus called into existence. Observing a vessel on our weather beam, I thought it might be the smack, and forgetful for an instant of the unsatisfactory replies I had hitherto received to my questions, I turned to the nearest hand to make the inquiry.

Close beside stood a lad; his age might have been nineteen, verging on twenty. He was employed in an operation which I did not then understand, but which I have now learnt to be the wringing of swabs, a sort of mop used in drying the decks. As I looked at him, it struck me that I had never before observed a figure which, in mould of form and expression of feature, came so near to that which I had always imagined to be the perfection of a sailor. His height did not appear to be very great—certainly below that of six feet, though not much, perhaps two or three inches; but of this I could not then very accurately judge, since he was not only in constant motion, but was employed, for the greater part of the time I observed him, in a stooping position. The extreme breadth also of his shoulders, and the size of his powerful and sinewy limbs, contributed to make his height appear less. Regarding him with a boyish curiosity, I could not but admire the great strength which he seemed to put forth with little or no exertion to himself, as, busied in his present occupation, he wrung the

water from the large swabs with a grasp of iron.

As the ship rolled in her incessant motion, the young seaman balanced himself on his feet with an ease which I quite envied, and I concluded, from the apparent suppleness of his limbs and his slight waist, that his activity was not surpassed even by his vigour. His features, though somewhat sunburnt, were fair. They were not regular, but of a very striking expression; his grey eye was large and quick, full of fire and feeling. Around his temples grew a quantity of light hair, which, as it played in the morning breeze, appeared to me to be, and certainly was, the most beautiful I had ever then beheld. I know not how to describe it accurately; it was as far removed as could be from the colour I had so often met among my own country—*Hibernicé*, sandy, *Anglicé*, red,—and certainly was more the colour of gold than anything else. Altogether, his countenance bespoke a manly truth and candour of character which at once attracted my regard. Nor was this feeling towards him lessened, by my

fancying that I could trace the stern and melancholy expression with which Sorrow seldom fails to mark the features of her victims. He laughed and sang, it is true; but there was evident beneath this, a bitterness, the source of which I of course knew not. I looked at him, however, with a degree of pleasure for which, at that time, I could scarcely account; for I read in his appearance a sympathy which I had in vain hoped to find elsewhere on board.

Such, when I first knew him, was WILL WATCH —for by this name I had heard him called—a being hitherto unknown to me, and with whom I now found myself thrown by the mere hand of chance. Yet with his destinies mine were to be woven by one of those strange but common fatalities which form, indeed, the warp and woof of life. I determined on the instant to speak to him, but paused to hear the end of a song which he was singing. His voice was uncultivated, it is true, but very far from wanting in sweetness.

Will Watch's Song.

Oh! were I where my thoughts still roam,
Far o'er the bounding sea,
The tear that silent falls at home,
Should fall no more for me,
Dear Girl!
Should fall no more for me!

No more those down-cast lids should sink,
'Neath griefs too deep to tell,
The lips that pressed thine own should drink
Each offering ere it fell,
Dear Girl!
Each offering ere it fell!

Thy beating heart no more should beat,
Save answering back to mine,
And every hour too fast should fleet,
For bosoms soft as thine,
Dear Girl!
For bosoms soft as thine!

But, ah! These joys are not for us,
I feel but thy despair!
None—none thy young heart's pangs shall soothe!
Thy rankling grief shall share,
Dear Girl!
Thy rankling grief shall share!

Thou mourn'st me dead—or mourn'st me lost,
Nor know'st which fate may sever:
But—Heaven so guard their love!—thou know'st,
Thy Will would false prove never!
Oh never, never, still, dear Girl!
Thy Will would false prove never!

The singer having paused, I remained silent for a minute, unwilling to believe that he would not resume his amusement. There was something in the feeling, which he imparted to the words, as well as in the correct pronunciation of them, which particularly struck me, and still more strongly fixed the interest excited by his appearance. His strains, however, being evidently finished for the present, I applied to my new acquaintance to be informed whether any one of the vessels now in sight might be the Leith smack.

"Bless your soul!" said he, with much good humour, "why she must be up by the Nore by this time, or if she's had good luck, ten to one but she isn't in the river!"

"Which river do you mean? The Thames?"

"Ay, to be sure I do."

"What then! we must be far past it?"

"'Far past it,' ay, but what of that?" and Will's face assumed an air of curiosity.

"Why, I mean," returned I, "that as we were a long way ahead of the smack, when we saw her last, and she is now in the Thames, we must of necessity be considerably nearer Portsmouth."

"'Portsmouth,'" with an incredulous and somewhat supercilious air, "why, that may be true enough, but where d'ye think we're going?"

"To Spithead, to be sure—"

"Who told you so?"

"The captain, of course."

"Why then the captain told you a ——," but at this juncture my informant received a severe blow on the side of his head, from the telescope of the mate who interrupted him with, "Come, Sir, hold *your* slack! Who asked you for your oar?"

"My oar?" repeated Will, "I tell you what it is, you cowardly——"

In an instant the mate's glass was lifted, but long before it could descend, one of the swabs which Will Watch had been wringing, was swung

round with his whole force and the hard knotted end coming in contact with his aggressor's face, it sent him staggering against the bulwarks which he struck violently and then rolled along the deck. In a second, three of the men sprang forward to his assistance, as well as to secure Will, who nothing daunted, received the first with a blow that sent him to join company with the mate—the second assailant was more fortunate, for, having armed himself with some temporary weapon, he fell on his younger opponent with such fury that the latter staggered beneath the attack.

Closing with him, however, Will managed to gripe him by the throat, a moment's struggle ensued, and down they went together; Will Watch being uppermost. Several other seamen now rushed to overpower him. I saw that he was profusely bleeding from his first wound, and consequently by this time stood no chance, and enraged at this execrable piece of tyranny, I seized the first thing at hand, and, comparative pigmy as I was, began to lay about me.

Further than this I recollect nothing, for sud-

denly I felt myself crushed as it were to atoms; a dreadful pain passed over me—a sudden light flashed before my eyes—and then everything was dark.

After some further suffering, I regained my senses, and found myself bound hands and feet, lying on the deck of the captain's cabin. My head was aching with the most excruciating agony—I was so sick that I scarcely felt I could call myself alive, and, to add to my afflictions, I was parched with a thirst such as I never felt before, and devoutly hope I never may again. Five several times I attempted to call on the steward; but a low and scarcely human whine was all the utterance that was left to me. A host of horrible thoughts crowded upon my mind, but one more tangibly alarming than the rest, seemed to scare them away. Among whom could I have fallen, and for what purpose was I thus treated? I had undoubtedly been plundered. My purse—I had worn it in a secret pocket inside my waistcoat, so that at any time, by bringing my arm close to my side I could feel that it was safe,—it was no

longer to be felt;—my watch—my poor father's watch, set with jewels, almost the sole remaining memento of its donor, the prince,—I had foolishly carried it about me for safety,—and that too I could feel, from the position in which I lay, was in its place no longer.

It would be useless to attempt describing the fury—the remorse—the agony—which I felt by turns during the half hour which I was allowed to lie in this pitiable condition. A life of ordinary sorrows was nothing to those thirty minutes. Every effort of rage and fury suggested by the pangs I endured, instead of freeing me from my cords, or bringing any one to my assistance, only added to my exhaustion and confirmed the horrible idea that my murder was to be accomplished by a torture so inhuman.

At length, when scarcely certain whether I had not become an inhabitant of Pandemonium, I heard the footsteps of some person descending the companion ladder, and in a few minutes the steward entered. With all the power that was left to me I implored his assistance, but whether

my voice was no longer distinguishable by my fellow beings, or whether, like the rest of his companions on board, his heart was steeled against all human sympathies, I know not; but with a thousand imprecations on his head, I beheld him proceed with the operation of cleaning the cups which the captain had used for breakfast, to the tune of some old song, and that finished, whisk his filthy towel under his arm, give me such a glance as one would throw on a litter of blind puppies drowning in a tub, and then with a hop, skip, and jump, return upon deck.

Oh, what a demoniacal feeling of madness was gathering in my heart! I could have fed upon the hearts of my persecutors, and drank the life-blood oozing from their veins: so scorched with drought did I feel, as my eyes beheld the bright and glowing sun that was shining above me, and the full topsails swelling with the refreshing breeze whose slightest breath would to me have been more precious than rubies. The filthy odours of the cabin, at this sight, seemed to overpower me more strongly than ever: the bulkheads

apparently whirled around me: hideous phantoms, I thought, were dancing before my eyes, and the scene was becoming gradually more confused, when I heard the whine of some animal on deck. This was followed by the hated voice of the captain, who demanded of his steward with many abusive oaths and epithets, whether his spaniel bitch had received her breakfast. I could not hear the reply, but from the sound of blows and altercation which followed, I rightly judged that the scoundrel was receiving a just punishment for his omission.

What a fiendish joy did that thought diffuse over my expiring heart! Dying as I believed myself to be, I wished once more to live to wreak on my enemies the full revenge which boiled in my Scottish blood. For two brief seconds I was sensible of neither thirst or pain, and then with unspeakable gladness, though I know not why—for I was ignorant that it could bode any good to me—I heard the steward's descending step again.

He entered my den of misery, followed by the hungry dog; so eager was it to get at the forth-

coming food that its fawning would scarcely allow it to be prepared. Flinging some biscuit into a tub of water with the rinsings of the milk jug, the menial villain set this miserable fare before the famished hound, whom it seemed his delight to starve; and chuckling at having thus mocked its hunger, he turned to depart.

Mustering my last energies, I endeavoured to appeal to his pity, but the foam of commencing madness had already gathered on my lips, and the howl that escaped from them, failed to excite any other feeling but derision, in the breast of the monster who beheld me. Imitating the sound I had expressed, he demanded with a curse who was to be my servant, and hopping up the companion-ladder as before, left me to my despair!

I was indeed desperate! I tried to pray, but the power of thinking clearly had already left me. I heard the sound of water as the poor spaniel lapped up her scanty meal.—This alone was wanting to goad me on to the last pitch, and supported in this extremity by the strong instinct of human nature, I managed, though how I know

not, to roll myself over to the tub from which the animal was feeding.—Either from the unnatural appearance which my face must have exhibited, or from the dictates of a disposition that shamed its master-brutes, the docile creature quietly permitted me to share a meal already insufficient for its own necessities. Water I knew the animal could easily get, and therefore drained the vessel as nearly as I could to the last drop; but of the biscuit I contented myself with two pieces, when I laid my exhausted head upon the deck. After thus accomplishing my sudden rescue from so hideous a death, I felt as if worlds would be paltry to show my gratitude or pay my debt to my dumb deliverer. I almost thought it knew this, for when its allowance was finished, it came and put its deliciously cold nose against my fevered temples, and then seemed to examine all my limbs, till it came to my bound hands: these it licked, and at the touch I fancied that the blood was starting from the pores. Whether this was actually the case I do not recollect, for a feeling of indifference seemed to have usurped

every other sensation, but I distinctly remember the poor dog going to the foot of the companion and whining piteously for a few minutes, then finding itself unheeded, it returned and couched itself by my side.

This appeal in my behalf, which I cannot now remember without emotion, was not however doomed to be in vain, and I soon heard footsteps overhead, as if some one was about to come down. Thinking it was the steward, and fearful if he found out how I had delivered myself from famine, that such a resource would in future be cut off from me, I made an effort to roll back to my former position. It was in vain. I felt a rush of something to my head; I seemed to float on I knew not what, and a sort of swoon came over me; all that I can now call to mind being, that I heard the captain's voice.

A long dream of images, confused and indistinct, passed over me, and from it I at length awoke under the following circumstances.

The ship's bells were just striking, and I endeavoured, though in vain, to count them. Seeing

amid the gloom around me, the figure of some person sitting near the hammock in which I was lying, I enquired, how many bells struck then? The person to whom I had applied started up and answered, "seven, Sir."

"What—why—where am I?" looking round as the powers of thought began to re-assert their dominion. "What place is this? Is that you, Will Watch?"

"Yes, Sir, I'm Will Watch, and a long watch it's been over ye, but ye're pulling up a bit now, and I hope it's all over."

"Over," I repeated faintly,—"Is it over? I'm very glad of it; did I go to bed last night? Surely I've had some very — — Why, Watch, this looks like blood!"

"Ay, ay, Sir, that's blood sure enough! Your nose has been bleeding?" seeing that I was somewhat alarmed—"but you must lie quiet here for ten minutes, and I'll be back again." He never came however, and I, with the powers of consciousness but half revived, fell fast asleep once more.

On the following day, about ten o'clock, I again

awoke to find him sitting near me. By degrees, as I looked at him in the stronger light of a fine morning, which not even this dismal hole could totally exclude, I began to recall the circumstances under which I had last seen him. His appearance tended not a little to refreshen these sad reminiscences. He looked haggard and faded. His dress no longer presenting the extreme neatness which first struck me, and his figure fallen away.

After lying awake for some moments, thus sadly employed, and summoning resolution to bear with firmness the evil news which my heart foreboded to be in store for me, I said, "Will Watch, I remember all that has passed.—Tell me, I implore you—how long have I been here?" then seeing that he hesitated—"you need not be afraid: I am prepared for the worst—how long?"

"Seventeen days to-day, Sir," replied Will in a low sad tone, without looking up from the deck on which he was dejectedly gazing.

"Then why," lowering my voice to a whisper, "have we not arrived at Portsmouth?"

"What, Sir!" said poor Will, deeply affected, and at the same time averting his face—"Haven't they told you where we're bound to?"

"No one, Watch, no one has informed me; I implore you tell me all—tell me the worst—I suspect I can bear any thing better than this horrible uncertainty! Where are we bound?"

"For the coast of ———"

"— Of what? speak it out I beseech you! The coast of what?"

"Africa!"

"For what purpose?" I breathlessly demanded, a horrible suspicion flashing across me.—"The coast of Africa! and for what?"

"The slave trade."

"Merciful God protect me!" I faintly exclaimed—dropping back upon my pillow, "or I am lost."

Still I seemed to dream, and prayed that it might prove so, but it was in vain I tried to

deem my agony illusive! For a few seconds neither of us spoke.

"Will Watch—I have no friend I see, but you on board. Tell me faithfully, am I kidnapped?"

"I fear, Sir," replied the poor fellow "'tis—'tis something like it."

"But, Watch, will they sell me for a slave?—Surely they cannot intend to do that!"

"Lord knows, Sir, whether the slug-hounds think of that, or whether they can manage it! But, please God — — they — — sha'n't while I've an arm to lift against it!" and as he spoke Will's eyes were filled with tears.—For some time we remained silent.

"Watch," at length said I, "you look very ill yourself. What have they been doing with you? Did they not knock you down for speaking to me on the forecastle?"

"Ay, Sir, the cowardly lubbers! What could one do agen so many? However, they didn't get off so whole after all, as some o' them could wish! As for me I got an ugly scratch on the side of the

head, but I 'm used to that.—I was up and at my duty again afore night came on, taking my turn at the wheel.—No, Sir, I was more consarned to see you floored by that —— skipper," lowering his voice to conceal the execration accompanying the name.

"Was the villain who struck me, then, the captain?"

"Ay, Sir, and whenever my hand happens to make friends with his throat"—clenching his powerful fingers—"may I be a spiritless lubber for life, if I don't pay the last farthing back to the cowardly cut-throat for that same. I'd just turned my eye astern at that moment, and tho'f I couldn't assist ye—seeing that I'd two aboard o' me,—I saw the villain driving at ye from behind—for he'd just come up the companion, d'ye see.—I hollooed, but ye didn't hear me, for I saw him catch ye just at the back of the head, in the large o' the neck—a ticklish sort of a place—and down ye went—lor, sir, for all the world like a pig o' lead. I never thought to have heard ye speak in

this world again, ye went down so deadlike! and now the worst is over, a hard time ye've had of it and no wonder!"

"But surely, Watch, they must have bound me hand and foot, for I remember something in the cabin."

"Ay, ay, Sir, very like they did, though I didn't see it, for ye see they sarved me much after the same sort, though it doesn't play such a bobbery with me, 'cause you see, I've been bred up to it. But never mind, Sir, we'll pay them back; only wait a bit till you come round a little. You're not very strong, nor yet very tall, nor yet very old, Sir, but," whispering, "a bold heart and a sharp eye—them's the things that tell. I've long wanted a helpmate to get out of this accursed prison-ship, and only wait till you get round a bit and we'll show 'em a trick or two!"

"Pray Heaven we may be able, Watch! But tell me, was I not lashed hand and foot in the Captain's cabin, or is it my fancy which misleads me."

"No, no, Sir, you're all right as to the thinking

of that, and there I believe you might have lain till this time—if-so-be you'd lived so long, and the Captain's dog hadn't set up a howling over ye. That spaniel is the only creature on board the captain has a thought for, so when he heard the animal singing out, he walked below, and seeing you were well nigh dead, he thought the lower deck might serve your turn for hauling your wind as well as his cabin: so old Mason—the stone-hearted dog—brings you down here, and flings you on a grating in the corner there, where I found you some hours after, when I came to myself and began to cast about."

"But I have been a long time ill! What was the matter?"

"Matter, Sir! Why, when I found you, you were like a coal—all of a burn, as it might be, from one end to another; so the first thing I gave you was a little water, thinking you'd had nothing all day.—I hadn't a drop of anything, not even a teaspoonful of grog to put in it—but that made no difference, for I thought, Sir, you'd never have left off drinking. However, I loosed your clothes

about you, and as soon as it was dark enough, got down my hammock and slung it where you lie, but in lifting you in, bad luck would have it that your nose should fall a bleeding, and all I could do, wouldn't stop it. There it kept on the whole of the first watch, and then I managed, what with cold water and clean wrung wet swabs under your head, to bring it to again, but when I came to look at ye in the morning however, the leak was as bad as ever; and so it kept going off and on, till ye got so low like that I couldn't hear ye breathe, and your face and hands were quite cold; then it stopped; and the captain came down and looked at ye and said something about heaving ye overboard, but as I happened to be by, watching the villain, I jumped up at this and told him a little of my mind, which made him think 'twould be better to leave you alone awhile."

At this recital, I held out my hand to thank my noble hearted protector, for words I felt were, even had I possessed them, wholly inadequate; though I confess I almost wished that his absence had permitted the captain to execute his inhuman

purpose: for by this I knew I should have escaped the misery which I feared was yet to come. To say such a thing, however, to one who had preserved my existence most likely at the peril of his own, would indeed have been ungrateful.

"What might you have said to the captain, Watch, which deterred him from executing his purpose?"

"Why, Sir, I just came up to him as he was standing here maybe by your side, and speaking low, so as no one else could tell what it was, I said, Captain Mackay, if this young gentleman dies you've murdered him: but that's neither here nor there: you must look to that: that's your business. One would think you'd have liked to keep clear of such a scrape, for your head won't be the more stoutly shipped on your shoulders for that:—but mind, Captain Mackay, I say this,—and you know if I'm likely to keep my word,—if you, or any man on board, by your leave, touches this young gentleman to heave him overboard, before the breath's clean out of his body I'll

watch my time, and blow *your* brains out first, and his afterwards; and here, said I, turning back the top of my waistcoat, and showing him a bit of cold steel,—here, said I, is the pistol that 'll do it!"

"And what said he?"

"Why he looked for a minute as if he 'd try to take it from me. You may have this and welcome, said I, though it shall cost the number of some one's mess first—for the matter of that, there are plenty of knives in the ship—I sha'n't touch ye at first—I shall wait my time—you know a little o' Will Watch, and a gash in your throat or a hole in your head, captain, are much about the same for his purpose when he's once said it. You 've robbed the young gentleman clean enough, said I, and got all he has, why should you go to murder him? Well, Sir, he looked on me as if he would have eat me; but he knows," said Will, with a scornful expression of the lip, "that I 'm no chicken when once put up, so he thought better of it, and turning round, he made sail on deck; and I, seeing how matters were likely to go if you

didn't come round on the other tack a little quicker, got ye a drop of grog that evening, and next morning you were blowing away as fresh as ever."

"But Watch, you talk of the captain's having robbed me, have you any proof of that?"

"Proof! Lor, Sir! you talk as if we were in a civilized place, instead of being here among a parcel of natural salvages, as ye may say.—You may take my after-davy *, Sir, he 's got all you've lost, and ten to one if you were to ask him, would laugh to your face and tell you so. I 've no proof of it any further than that Tom Bender let out, that as he was looking down the after skylight, he saw the captain kneeling by your side, and rummaging your pockets, from which he pulled something; and Tom heard the chink of a purse. After this he saw the skipper lash your hands and feet, and then go into his sleeping berth, shutting the door after him."

"Then what course, Watch, would you advise me to take?"

* Affidavit. Printer's Devil.

"Why as to that, Sir, you'd better think about it as little as possible till you get round again, pretty stout, and then we'll see what they intend to do with you, and that'll show us what's best to be done."

In one or two days, however, I was able to leave my hammock and crawl about between decks. By degrees my ramble extended of an evening to the forecastle, taking care always to avoid the scoundrel Mackay; for in several consultations which I had held with Will, he most strenuously dissuaded me from adopting the line of conduct which I felt to be most consonant with my feelings—that of openly demanding from the villain who had so used me, a reason for his atrocious conduct, and a restitution of the property of which I had been plundered. The more, however, that I reflected on the matter, the more I was convinced that my counsellor was right in his arguments. For—as he said—should I show any external proof of my being inclined to resist, the wretch who had me so completely in his power, far from listening to any of my demands,

would only be irritated to some further outrage, and perhaps attempt to make away with me at once. If, on the other hand, I kept out of his way, it necessarily led him to think less of the past, and even should his thoughts revert to me and my ultimate disposal, he would, by my seeming supineness under such wrongs, be certainly led to underrate my character and means of harming him, and perhaps be lulled into a security which would end in restoring us to freedom. These powerful motives then kept me quiet; and though my blood bubbled like liquid fire in my veins at the sight of the monster, yet I uniformly adhered to the plan laid down between us, and as far as possible kept myself in the back ground, not only from the captain but even from his crew.

But among all my sufferings of that period, which are so distinctly impressed upon my memory, none are more vivid than those which my own reflections inflicted upon me. To have been thus easily duped after such a fair warning, was indeed a bitter thought. Well might my

father say that I could rely on his advice as the sad fruit of experience, and warn me that from the principles of my companions was to be deduced the warrant of their after conduct. It now appeared to me to be prophetic. With such a guide before me, I am, I thought, without even my own pity to console me.

Had I not ever been brought up in the knowledge that the enslaving of fellow man was, under any circumstances, a crime of the darkest dye?—aggravated, in the case of the West Indian colonies, by the base and sordid motive that led to such an outrage on humanity? and was it the unqualified tolerator of this despotism, and defender of this system, that I was weak enough to confide in, and fool enough to believe the friend he professed himself?—the smooth, oily-tongued villain! Bitterly as I had suffered for my error, I saw that I deserved it; and the only balm for this wound was that contained in the succeeding paragraph of my father's letter, in which, with a mind as kind as his judgement was correct, he prepared me even for those woes which followed the negligent departure from

his own precepts. These, thought I, have indeed been tried in fire; now that I have proved their ore, let me set a due value on their sterling metal.

My chest having been conveyed below, and duly ransacked during that space of time in which I was tottering on the confines of the grave, I was now allowed access to it, and for a very sufficient reason. The lock having been broken open, every article of apparel, the size of which permitted its being worn, or in short anything else which had the least value in the eyes of the depredators, had been stolen, and the small remainder of my goods and chattels reduced to the most complete state of confusion. My first thought on the discovery of this fact was to ascertain the loss or safety of my parent's manuscript. This, to my inexpressible joy, I soon found; and getting into an unobserved corner, in order that I might indulge in the sad pleasure of re-perusing it. On coming to the conclusion and seeing how much it might have saved me if I had attended to its advice, I determined, that I would guard against the risk of losing it by

any future accident similar to the one which had now befallen me. To this end, I made a copy of it on a much smaller scale than the original, which last I resolved, at least for the present, to carry about my person; and for the still better preservation of the copy, I wrote it out in French.

When this was once accomplished, I felt that I had still much, very much, for which to be thankful, and greatly did I bless the ignorance of my robbers, which had spared for my benefit that which they deemed of no value to themselves. Every succeeding day now brought with it an increase of health and strength; and emboldened by the captain's never appearing to take any notice of me, I ventured occasionally, when Will Watch was off duty, and the weather was fine, to climb up with him into the fore top, where, basking on a sail in the sun's warm rays, and gently fanned at the same time by the delicious breezes of the ocean, we talked in stealth of all our hopes and wishes, and the various plans

that by turns presented themselves for our emancipation from our present lot, as well as the numerous obstacles which threatened the riveting of our hated chains.

On our freedom we were determined; and only prayed for a favourable opportunity to peril our lives in the attempt. Turn the chances as we would, the only probability of success seemed to lie in the issue of a mutiny. On this we would most cheerfully have ventured at any moment, could we have reckoned on any likely number to support us, but such a step we dared not undertake with the captain and crew to a man opposed to us; and the question constantly arising what should we do with the ship, even were our foes overcome? The next resource was to bribe over the most likely and disaffected; and we began to canvass the names of those on whom we thought we could rely;—but then with what could I tempt them? Stripped of my only valuables, inadequate as they were to such an undertaking, I could only offer promises, and of the little in-

fluence which these possess, in comparison with the tempting metal, we were soon but reluctantly forced to admit.

With feelings approaching as near to despair as my youth would permit, I now saw that only one plan of operations was remaining, which promised anything like a happy issue,—and against this what fearful odds were staked?

This "*ultima spes*" rested on our calmly waiting until such time as we should have taken on board our cargo of human wretchedness, and then, by loosing the slaves, we could insure the mastery of the vessel. To me, however, this did indeed look forlorn, for in addition to the horrors of giving the rein to the passions of these poor unenlightened creatures, was added the fear of such an opportunity never being permitted to us.—"How," I demanded of myself, "can I imagine that Mackay will, after the past, be blind to the risk of allowing us to stay on board? It surely is his interest to prevent my ever returning to Europe, and when will such favourable chances of being rid of me, present themselves

as those which will court his attention every day that we remain on the slave coast?" Tormented by this hideous prospect, I had no longer any comfort but in my prayers, that any death might be reserved for me rather than life upon such terms.

CHAPTER V.

Towards the latter part of a fine sunny day, in the forenoon of which Will Watch had been doing duty at the wheel, I lay as usual, talking over with him in the fore-top, the various sorrowful subjects which presented themselves for our contemplation. Having arrived at the dilemma above stated, a mutual silence seemed to acknowledge our despair. We both remained gazing on the exquisite scene outstretched before us.

The sun intensely shining in the lower arch of Heaven, was lighting with an unearthly purity of lustre—a massy pile of clouds in the opposite quarter of the sky. Gorgeous domes and palaces, plains of unmeasured field, and cities of surpassing splendour, seemed to unroll in endless creation before us, while the mind intuitively pictured to itself the city of light—the New Jerusalem of St. John, and I thought with envy of those glad spirits whom the sorrows of this world could no longer trouble.

A fine full breeze was carrying us merrily over the joyous waters, so seemingly proud and glorious in the unsullied purple of their hue, while in their profound depths, remote from human ken, the sportive sunbeams might be lingering in scenes of unimagined loveliness. Around our bows some of the more venturous inhabitants of the deep would occasionally play, and every now and then, dotting the blue and scarcely ruffled ocean, was seen the turtle sleeping heedless of the foe that passed so near. As I contemplated these objects with emotion, I could not but think with how much suffering so lovely a sight had been purchased, and recall a poem expressive of this feeling in Filicaija*, to which my father had often pointed my admiration; warning me, in my

* "O nostra vita, ch' è tan bella in vista;
Com' perde agevolmente in un mattino
Quel chè'n molt' anni a gran pena s'acquista!"
Might be thus rendered:
Oh life of ours! in prospect so admired,
Lost with such ease, ere one brief morn's expired;
With many years, and what great pain acquired!

The passage is not from Filicaija but Petrarch, though Filicaija has more than one similar. To the poet of Vaucluse, as to many of his tuneful but hapless brethren, long suffering had taught much truth.

thoughtless hours, that I should, like him, frequently revert to it in future life. I thought, also, of the delight with which I had so often wandered over the untamed hills of dear old Scotland: of the different, but not less exciting, beauty of her scenery, where, at this very hour, I had frequently seen the sun as now, sinking to its rest,—not over the broad and seemingly boundless horizon of the sea, but behind the blue highland zone of the ——shire hills, while the evening breeze, ruffling in patches the gleaming waters of Loch Fine, brought to my ear the plaintive sheep cry, or the distant cattle-bell, mingled with the not less musical but deeper note of the bandog from the glen below.

Merciful Heavens! and was I doomed never again to see these beloved haunts of my childhood? and were these to be exchanged for an existence in slavery and woe? The thought was insupportable, and I turned for relief to my kind friend Will, who, stretched at his length with his head upon his arms, was looking in the direction in which he imagined old England to lie.

He was humming over a wild but touching air which I had often heard on his lips before. I had frequently asked him to sing it to me, but this he showed a reluctance to do, making various excuses—"It was nothing"—"Some rhymes of his own"—"It was only an old song of his sister's."

On hearing that he had such a relation, I naturally asked some questions about her. I soon saw, however, that he liked still less to be catechised on this score, and with all his kindness and generosity of heart, there was a tetchy waywardness about him, and marks of a fiery impetuosity of character, which, I think, no one would willingly have aroused. As for myself, I owed him so many, and such deep obligations, that nothing should have tempted me willingly to wound any delicate feelings he happened to entertain, however squeamish I might consider them.

It was evident, however, that this sister, be she who she might, reigned in his every thought, and how silent soever he might be upon the subject, or from whatever cause such silence might arise,

I never doubted that it was the warmth of his feelings towards her, which alone linked him to his home. This had often presented itself to me in singular lights, until the constant recurrence of " my sister," and the various associations with which, it was evident to see, she was connected, raised in me, I must confess, a lively curiosity to hear further of one, around whom there seemed to hang some peculiar interest. I had, of course, many opportunities of alluding to this subject, and perceived with satisfaction that he grew less sensitive of enquiry on this point, until on the last mention of this topic between us, he promised, at some future day, to tell me the particulars.

Thinking I could never have a better opportunity, I determined to try and gain the promised information at once. " Watch," said I, " you promised, a few days ago, to give me the history of that song you are now singing—nay, if I mistake not, you said it was one of your sister's.—Come, then, be kind enough to let me have the story, and if it relates to home, so much the

better; it is as well to talk of that which perhaps we may never see more—I, at least I fear, have seen it for the last time."

"Ah, Sir," returned Will, sighing, "I was a happier fellow when I first heard that song, and yet I contrived, too, to make myself pretty miserable, like a fool for my pains, as you shall hear. But it's no use grieving,—I promised, as you say, Sir, to spin you the yarn of my first going to sea, and so I ought, too, seeing, Sir, you were kind enough to let me into the rights of your coming aboard this floating devilry:" for on regaining my right senses I found that I had, during the preceding delirium, mentioned names and circumstances which scarcely left me any thing to relate. Thinking that I could, however, rely on Will's fidelity, I, notwithstanding the dreadful lesson I had received, pursued what I considered to be the best course, and binding my communicant over to secrecy, filled up the vacancies which the fever's ravings had left in my sombre story. These, however, Will's acuteness and sagacity had pretty well supplied.

"You mustn't expect much of a story, Sir," continued Will, "but such as it is, here goes:" arising from his recumbent position, and supplying himself with a fresh quid of tobacco; since, young as he was, he had already acquired this intoxicating and, I doubt not, delightful, but certainly most baleful habit.

"Ye see, Sir," proceeded Will, "my father was a Kentish man, and the earliest thing I recollect about him, or myself either, is being dandled about by a tall, stout, rough old chap, some six feet high, with a nor'wester tarpauline shipped on his knowledge-box, a reg'lar sea-built pea-jacket on, and a pair of jack boots coming up to his middle. Ah, Sir, he was the chap for a natty fellow! Every hair in his beard would a done for a tooth-pick; fifty tons o' chalk coming down from the cliffs surge-o! would never a made half the row that his old boots kicked up, in clattering over the shingle at low tide; and as for his voice,—there, Sir, he'd stun a hundred boatswains, pipes and all, and not be out o' breath at the end of it:—ah, Sir, he was the right sort o'

fellow, I don't doubt; but ye see, Sir, I never knew much of him, for happening to haul his head-yards rather of a suddent one fine morning, he paid slap off before the wind, and was out o' sight to-leeward, before my old mother could cry out Jack Robinson, and even that I'm thinking wouldn't have stopped him.—However, says she, all's one for that, and when a man's time is come why 'way aloft! and when a fellow's glass is out, why topsides down and turn him, and no piping about it, either here or there. So the old 'oman takes to blacks and drops o' brandy, and in six months she's spliced again, taut as ever."

"And how old was the old 'oman when she married again, Will?"

"Oh, seven or eight and twenty or thirty, Sir, or thereaway."

"Why that's a young woman, Will!"

"Ay, ay, Sir, belike it is, but I calls 'em old, because, ye see, Sir, it's a way o' talking, a fellow gets hold on at sea."

"Then how old was your father?"

"Close upon forty, Sir, and bating that I

know nothing about it, as fine a fisherman as ever hooked a mackarel."

"But Will, you have forgotten to tell me how old you were when he died, as well as the name of the place you were born in?"

"Ay, that's true, Sir! Let me see, I wasn't much more than a year old, I believe, for ye see my father hadn't been married long—but let that stand.—Hold hard a minute Sir, where was I? Oh my old mother—well, you see, Sir, instead of splicing in again with one of the right old craft, she gets a hold on some mechanical timber-toed chap—not that he hadn't all his limbs of the reg'lar sort o' flesh and blood, and they no light ones, but he was a stiff-headed fellow, you see, Sir, a reg'lar pia-wau-wau-picked-up-along-shore-hauberk."

"What do you mean by that, Watch?"

"Hem, Sir! why I hardly know how to make it out to ye: but, ye see—ye see, Sir,—to be short and sweet, Sir, it's a sort o' fellow I wouldn't give a quid for."

"Aha, Will! I see—proceed—that's perfectly explained."

"Well, that's right, Sir, but he was a fellow they call a porter, as long odds apart from my father, save for the matter o' being a good-looking fellow and six feet in his shoes — ay, Sir, as a snake from a conger eel.—Well, ye see, Sir, the first thing that my new daddy did, was to serve me out monkey's allowance: more kicks than coppers. So the old 'oman, Sir, as she wouldn't stand this, she gives it back to him again, kicks and coppers both, in right good trim, and as she's one of your strappers, he didn't always get the best of it. Well, this lark went on pretty well for a year, and a nice time I had of it atwixt the pair on 'em, there's not a doubt on't; till at last the old 'oman brings me a little sister, and God bless her for it, say I—I'll thank her for the little darling to the last day I have to live; tho' it didn't look as if I should then, for ye see, as soon as the old 'oman had a daughter to care about, she left off being so soft upon the son,

and I was bundled off to an uncle, who lived in another little seaport some way from Highcliff." (For so I shall designate the place in question.)

"What, is that the name of the place where you were born?"

"Yes, Sir; but however, I was sent off, as I said, to my uncle at Greybeach, a good old sort of chap, who'd no piccaninnies of his own, so he and his wife took care of me, and a fine time I had of it; he was just the sort of old fellow I liked to be with, he was a true chip o' the old block, a fisherman like my father, and so you see, when I shot a-head a bit, he taught me to patch and paint our old coble of a boat, mend his nets, and keep his gear in order, till just as I began to like him, and we were used to one another's ways, the poor old man—God bless him!—died! Well," continued Watch, with a sigh, after pausing for a few seconds, "there was no help for it! his wife, poor old soul, had slipped her wind some time before, and I was left to make the best o' my way how I could home to my mother, and came back to the old 'oman somewhere close upon my six-

teenth birthday, or for any thing I know, a cast or so this side of it. For, directly I heard my poor old uncle was dying, I knew how it would go, and seeing I should be obliged to return home, I looked out for the worst, so I wasn't disappointed.

" Old Woodenhead, as I used to call the old 'oman's husband—Old Woodenhead and I, we made but queerish work of it, but I was too big for him to fall-to at his old work, and he, too, had grown a year or two older, and had no great relish for that sort of lark where two could play at it, so, like a cat and a dog in a barrel, we kept as far apart as we could, and hadn't much to say to one another, 'cept a little civil growling now and then.

" As for the old 'oman, she'd got a barky or two of her own to look after, and lumbering sort o' craft they were; I dare say you mind to have seen the like of 'em, Sir, before now.—Bathing machines they call 'em ashore.—However, Sir, there was one," and here Will's voice sunk into a soft low tone, " there was one I found by the

old fire-side, made up for all.—This was my sister —my sister Fanny—she was just a year or so short o' my own age—the gentlest, kindest hearted little creature as ever human eyes were set on. Well, this ye see, Sir, was what I never counted on,—for ye see, Sir, ye see, I don't know how 'twas, but—" and here I saw the truant blood stealing over Will's speaking countenance,—" I never before cared much to be idling about with 'oman kind, but some how or other, my little sister Fanny—she—she—seemed to be the only one, 'cept my good old uncle and his dame, who ever cared about Will Watch, and so" — the " rebel tear" was glistening in his eye,—" my little Fanny was all I cared to leave!—I say leave, ye see, Sir, for there was no one else to care about at home. The old 'oman, Sir—to say her fair—I believe, liked me well enough, and if any fellow ever said any thing against me when my back was turned, she soon a' brought 'em to the rights of it,—but what's that, Sir? a young fellow feels a something—perhaps you mightn't know exactly

what I mean—a sort of longing for something to care about."

"Yes, Will, I know too well what you would say."

"Well, then, Sir,—let me see, where was I?"

"Talking of leaving home."

"Ay, so I was, Sir, well, ye see, if it hadn't been for little Fanny, I should a been off in quick sticks, and taken my chance of rough and smooth, but I soon had to know we were brother and sister!—and as neither one of us could bear to talk of starting, I hung on there long enough after I should, or perhaps ought to have done; for though the old 'oman was my mother, old Woodenhead had no right to find a stout young fellow in rations,—for ye see, the few odd jobs I could get, didn't go far to my keep, tho' I was willing enough to work, ay, and did, right hard too, now and then; but somehow, I couldn't have the heart to leave little Fanny alone, for what with my missing her, and God knows that's been enough!" said poor Will, much affected, "and her wanting me, we could never

talk of it with any reason like; so there I staid, a reg'lar happy-go-miserable, one hour this, and t'other that, and yet, Sir, to look back on it, I feel as tho' all I had to care for then—was nothing!—a sort of a something, Sir, as if I never should be so light-hearted again! Well! no matter, so long as poor little Fan doesn't think so!

"However, Sir, I was saying, there I hung out idling about all the day with Fanny, now in the fields and on the hills, and now and then, of a warm summer's morning along the beach, and working hard out fishing all night, blow storm or not, to make up for lost time and keep old Woodenhead quiet, by flinging into the mess the money fetched by the fish. For ye see, Sir, he didn't much know or care, I suppose for the matter o' that, whether they were caught by day or night, and never being at home himself, 'cept at meal times, he couldn't tell whether Fan was in or out. Well, 'twas much the same with the old 'oman, and as we always had a look out a head, and kept out o' the way of either of them, they didn't see much more about the matter than

we wished, more especially as old Woodenhead made little Fan contribute her share by the way of needlework, and fancy things o' one sort and another;—and so to help her out, that she shouldn't be behind hand, I got her to teach me the knack of sewing fine, as I used to call it, and as a sailor should always be a handy chap, and know something o' the matter, I soon got to make a pretty good fist of it, for ye see, my uncle had made a good sail-maker of me, and so from cutting out a lug-sail, stitching in a bolt-rope, and herring-boning an old jib, I got to using the thimble instead o' the palm, and making all sort o' knicknackeries. Ah, Sir, those were the times! We used to play about, it's true, but we worked hard notwithstanding! Many and many's the time I've come home at five o'clock in the morning, after fishing all night, to take a bit of a snoose, then up and had my breakfast, and strolled out with little Fanny to an old lonesome tumbledown sort of a place, pretty nigh a heap o' ruins. There, under the lee of an old fruit wall we used to sit, chattering in the sun, little Fanny working at her needle

as busy as a bee, and I helping. Ay, you may laugh, Sir! It's true enough; to be sure, I used to make some queerish mistakes with some of the women's gear at first, and many's the joke we've had together, but I used to help the little girl, and she thought so, that was better. See here, Sir, here's some of my work."

"What those initials in gold thread?"

"Gold, Sir! Lor, Sir, that's not gold! tho' it's something better.—It's Fanny's hair, only the sun's catching on it.—No, Sir, she put that in herself, the rest is mine," pointing to the embroidering in silk which ornamented the end of his neckerchief, and certainly was very neatly done.

"It goes to my heart to wear out any thing that's got that mark on it, but then all my kit are tallied in the same way, and it's nigh two years now since we parted, and if I was to buy other rigging to save this, why, ye understand, a sailor's life's no very sure thing at the best, and if any thing should happen to Will—why, wouldn't he like to have about him—a—a—?"

"True, Will!" said I, seeing he was unable to finish the sentence.

"Well, well, Sir!" he resumed, after a pause, "this was the sort o' life we used to lead out o' doors, but at home, would you believe it, Sir? old Woodenhead wouldn't let well alone. No, the lubberly, skulking old dog-fish couldn't be easy! No, he couldn't bear sailors—I shouldn't be brought up a sailor—'twas such a life!—'twas killing me!—I was over seventeen and away, and to be sure 'twas hard work, but I didn't feel it, for the worse the weather, and the more I got of it, the stronger I seemed to grow; but that wouldn't do—I must be brought up to some honest trade to make my bread by.—He'd prentice me to a bricklayer, but I said I'd see him like a horse in a ditch first,—well, then there was a shindy, no peace or quiet for any of us, and they began to set at little Fan, and try to keep us apart, but that I wouldn't stand.—Well, at last, Fan herself takes and talks me over, and begs and prays that I would do as her father

wished me; and she said, too, she'd rather I'd be a mason fellow ashore, than have to go fishing out night and day, and stand a chance of being swamped!

—— "Dear! dear! It went very hard against me to hear such a word from her, and I tried to put her in some sort o' right reason about it—but Lor, Sir!—the dear creatures, there's no making them understand that! Says I, do you think, Fan, our time's not as much logged ashore here, as 'tis afloat? and don't you think, Fan, says I, if a chap's time is up, there's not as much chance of a fellow being capsized from the top o' a house, as from a spirt o' wind coming down 'twixt these very hills? 'Why, she didn't know; the sea,' she said, 'always drowned people who went to the bottom; and as for the wind,' says Fan, 'that's worse again, for it's always doing some thing, somewhere or other, and there never was a ship upset yet, that the wind hadn't something to do with it!' As if, ye see, Sir, bricks and mortar were made o' hold-fast, and a rotten old ladder stronger than a five inch rope. 'Besides,' adds little Fanny, 'if you stay on shore I shall always

be able to see you, but when you go to sea, Will, you know you must go alone.' 'Now,' said I, 'you've hit it,' and so as there was no making less of this part of the story, I promised that she should have it all her own way, and that I'd try my hand at it, though all the while I couldn't bear to think of being a land lubber like this. However, Sir, little Fan was all joy, thinking the matter was settled, and I went to make a trial of my new trade. Oh, dear! Fried fish and skittle-pins! There was no making anything of it, though I tried very hard, too, for Fan's sake; but I found twasn't so comfortable to be carrying hods of lime and dirt, as loitering about with my little sister; besides, Sir, the lubbers had no notions like a set of Christians, and no more manners, ay, nor a crew of hogs. However, I thought who it was for, and bore all their gibes well enough for a time, but as I wasn't quite thinking always of what I was about, the scoundrels soon got beyond all bearing, so one day they put me up about something or another, and I, just making a side out for a bend, knocked three or four of

them down in a crack, one after another. Bad luck to it! 'twas all up with bricklaying, it never came to the scratch again; there was a row about it as usual, but I found it was worse to fret, so back I went to my old ways, and little Fanny seeing I took it to heart rather, did all she could to comfort me, and never said another word against the sea. As for old Woodenhead, one would think he'd done enough. Not he. What must he do soon after, but go and get my name shoved down in the militia ballot. He thought I didn't know this, but I found it out, and what for I never could think, except 'twas for spite! Well, ye see, Sir, if there was anything I hated more than a bricklayer, 'twas being a soldier, and that I swore I never would be, so when I found out that I was to join the pipeclays in a fortnight, I was well nigh mad.

" 'Now, then, Fan,' said I, 'there's no help for it. I must go to sea.' Well, Sir, poor little Fanny!—she cried ready to break her heart, and took on so it quite made a woman of me to see it; but knowing I'd no help for it she gave in. The

next thing was to cast about for a ship. I knew there was a convoy in the Downs waiting for a fair wind, so I went off and passed under the sterns of well-nigh all of them, for it came into my head that if there was a Fanny among the whole of them, I'd have her, and sure enough I picked out one at last,—the Fanny of Liverpool,—and aboard of her I went, and though she wasn't the tightest looking craft, I didn't care about that; for, says I, if I once get aboard of her, Will Watch will work hard enough before a craft with that name shall look anything but snug and ship-shape, so up the side I went, and got myself a berth in no time; but I'd no sooner settled all the 'nutiæ, as they call it, than I was like to drown myself for sorrow. So sad did it seem to leave everything that I liked; but 'twas done, and I had to make the best of it. I'd been careful to ship myself in a merchantman, for ye see, Sir, I bear no great love to your men of war, it's easy enough to get aboard of them, but it's not quite so clear how to get out o'them, and my new little barky, not being bound for a term of years, but only to the West Ingees and back,

I thought by that time the dust would be blown over, and little Fan and I be able to take our old rambles. In the meanwhile there was work life and limb, betwixt us two, to get my kit ready before the wind chopped round; and this we had to do by stealth-like, for 'twould never have done to let any one know the rig I was playing, and though 'twas five days before I was fitted out, little Fan and I, had but poor sort of pleasure of it; 'twas heart breaking to see the way she took on, and if she hadn't had to attend to my kit, I can't tell how ever we should have got over it.

"I lost no time in what I had to do, but sold all my gear and traps, to get the money that was necessary, and then was rather pushed for it; though Fan did all she could to hide this from me, and, would you think it, Sir? if the little girl didn't go and raise the cash that was wanting, on the best of her own toggery, to an old she-blood-sucker,—an old milliner who hadn't the heart to lend a few dubs without it.

"I only came to this chanceways as it might

be, and I soon rummaged up the rhino to get them back to her before I started; and that was the saddest night I ever knew, or ever hope to know, that's more. We endeavoured to stave it off as long as we could, but 'twould come; and even then nothing but the militia would have got me off, for I tried to get a substitute, but they wouldn't have him; they'd been put up to that by old Woodenhead.

"'Twas in October, a cold stormy night, Sir, blowing marlingspikes and great guns, when the little barky I had entered for, promised to send a boat for me at twelve o'clock, to wait till such time as I could make my number, bag, and baggage, and the coxswain was to come up to our cottage, and give a whistle by way of signal. Now ye see, Sir, we'd pretended to go to roost as usual, in order to keep the matter quiet; so as soon as I heard the whistle, I gave three taps on the wall for Fanny, and as her room opened into that of the old man's, she trips along through this, steals the key of the front door, and meets me waiting there with all my kit. We soon let

in the coxswain, who brought one of his boat's crew, and having had a quiet glass of grog, they shouldered the traps, and made off, leaving me to follow as soon as I had said good b'ye, to little Fanny.—But Fan, dear girl, was blind with crying. She didn't try to say a word, and if she had, she wasn't able, and whipping up her cloak and bonnet, she took hold o' my arm, though she trembled all the while,—ay, like a slight ship under a heavy sea! Well, Sir, I tried all I could, to get her to have the parting over there, for the sleet was coming down so thick, she'd be wet through before she got to the beach; but Lor, Sir! I might as well a' talked to the high-water post. She said nothing, but there she hung: crying like a babe, though she never made a sound that might wake a mouse scarcely. Seeing how 'twas to be, I moved forward, locked the door hard and fast, gave the key to Fan, and covering the poor little soul up as well I could, off we set. When we got to the boat there was a beating sea on sure enough; though the wind was blowing off

the land, but as my baggage was shipped I had only to step in and then hoist away.—But ah, Sir!—Poor little Fanny! 'twas breaking work the way in which she clung to my neck!—and when at last I came to take her arms away, and jump into the boat, I thought she would have gone,—but she bore it—bore it, bravely!—Poor little Fan!"

Will shaded his face with his hand.

"I often fancy, Sir, I see her yet, standing on the brink of the high shingly beach, just above the white of the heavy sea that was breaking there that night.—There was she, wringing her hands as it might be, till the boat's head was put about and the lug hoisted, but no sooner did she catch sight o' the sail, than she flung her arms up in the air, and I think she must have fallen, for I looked and could not see her any longer, but I remember hearing her cry—ah, and it's never left my ears to this time; I tried, I believe, to leap out, but they held me fast, and all was one to me till the next morning. Poor little Fanny! when we may hail

one another again, the Lord above only knows, but I felt directly my foot touched the boat's gunwale, 'twas all over with me,—I was done!

"Often do I wake up thinking I feel her little arms round my neck,—but,—she's—she's miles away!—God bless her and make her happier, than ever her brother Will can be!"

Will bowed his head upon his knee, and I saw his whole body tremble at the fresh remembrances which this narrative of his early days called forth. Nor was I less affected.—Poor fellow!—I felt that we were at least brothers in sorrow, and though misfortune had perhaps doomed me to be the greatest loser, it would have been hard to say whose pangs were the severest;—the wounds in either case had reached the heart!

His recital awoke many painful sensations in my bosom, and when he touched on the necessity which the heart feels to possess some object for its affections, I could not help thinking how true is human nature to herself in all her works; whether the range of her sweet harmony is tried upon the baser or the higher

notes, one concord blends the whole. How often had I painfully felt that which Will had found such difficulty in expressing—how often had the hearts of princes pined beneath the aching desolation of the same emotion!—ay, and would again!

But Will's affection for his sister, was this fraternal love?—how beautiful did it appear!—Isolated being!—How fervently did I wish that Heaven had given me such a one to adore, with whom thus to share all that the heart esteems too dear for revelation unto common eyes. I wondered that I had never met such an instance of attachment before, yet meeting it in Will Watch, all the interest I had hitherto taken in his fate from gratitude, was now, if possible, redoubled from sympathy and esteem.

"But Will," said I after a pause, "did you remain long in the Downs?"

"Oh no, Sir, by six o'clock that morning, we had to trip our anchor and away down channel. But the brig never reached Barbadoes, for on the passage out, one fine night, we found her too hot to hold us. She'd taken fire some where in the fore hold,

though we never could make out how, and was soon in a blaze from stem to stern. We couldn't manage to get her under, any how; so the ships of the convoy sent their boats and I happened to jump into the one belonging to this accursed vessel. She was hard drove for want o' hands at the time, and under a different captain, and bound on a different sort o' voyage then, or I guess she'd never a' borne Will Watch's name on her books. However, we staid among the islands some time, getting in our cargo and one thing and another, and when we came home, we were bound for Hull. The skipper had promised me before I entered with him that when we came to pass through Dover-straits I should be dropped ashore, but as he was a very good pilot himself for the channel, we went through at night, and so I missed that chance. By bad luck we carried a strong sou'-westerly gale with us, and tore away slap before it, till we let go in the Humber, near a dog-hole of a place they call Grimsby—I think. Well I was in a taking about this. I'd a very good mind to start by land back again, but then

thinks I, they'll be nabbing me on one o' the King's tenders ten to one before I get to High-beach,—for ye see, Sir, the war had just then broke out, and 'tis a pity to go squandering the little money I am to get, in that sort of way, when by holding on a bit I can get a passage free: for the captain told us we were bound back for the same station, and that he should bring to in the downs to wait for convoy again, 'and then,' says he, 'you may start home and come back to me.'"

"Now as to this coming back to him, I was noways certain of that, so I determined to get my wages when the rest of the crew were paid their's, and then I could slip and run as I liked. Well, Sir, having fixed it this way, I waited, got my money, and stowed it carefully away. When about a fortnight before we were going to sail, the captain went on leave, the mate took the command, and they turned over all hands of us, save one or two, into a tub of a worn-out collier, and took our barky into one of the Hull docks, to paint and new fit, while we were kept busy about different items for the rigging, and never allowed to go

aboard of her, till she slips out again all a-taunto, ready to start to sea the next day, when the tide would serve for running down the Humber.

"When we got on board, we soon found they had made another guess thing of her, with sham ports made into real ones, guns instead of quakers, and her decks below fitted up as if she were to carry cattle stead of a reg'lar merchantman's cargo. Well, I thought this rather rummy, but thinks I, if anything's wrong, I shall give 'em the slip in the Downs. And so 'twas scarcely day-break next morning, when I woke at "Hands up anchor ahoy." I thought of little Fanny, and right willingly turned out, though rather in a fluster when I fancied myself going back to my old berth near her. However, I jumped upon deck, and who should I run against but that villain Mackay, with a speaking trumpet in his hand looking over the bows, and giving his orders about the anchor;—well I wondered who he might be, but I didn't trouble my head to think much about it; perhaps 'twas the pilot, but I looked round for our old skipper, and not seeing

him, I thought he must be busy below. We soon run down the Humber, and as the breeze was fresh and fair, we stood right out to sea, and then I began to see there was another pilot on board, though Mackay didn't trouble him much, for we had the breeze right aft, and that villain astern there, is the luckiest dog that ever died unhung. We never had a foul wind.—But there! —Old Nick's children have their daddy's luck!

"Well, Sir, presently the pilot jumped into his boat, and off he went, but Mackay staid aboard. So when we saw this fellow seemed in no hurry to leave us, we began to ask among us what the skipper was doing in his cabin;—says one, I have n't seen him come on board, nor I, says another,—and where's Tom, and Hardy, and Dick?—naming some of our best shipmates who seemed absent, while we'd got in their room, some fellows I took at first to be the crew of the pilot's boat which was astern. Would you believe it, Sir? When I came to ask about it, I got to learn that our former skipper had been discharged and this new villain Mackay had come

aboard to take us, and brought with him a reg'lar gang," lowering his voice, "of hang-dog cut-throat-looking Tyburn villains.

"The murder was soon out, the ship had changed owners, the most good-natured hands had been started, I was kept aboard among a few others, because, I suppose, I was a strong stout fellow on lower wages a precious deal than I've a right to for my work, and if I staid aboard 'twas in a ship bound for the Guinea coast for the slave-trade. I soon made up my mind to cut and run, when once we anchored in the Downs, and I kept a sharp look out:—but the villain was too deep for that. However, Sir, in the mean time we picked you up, past t'other side of Yarmouth, and when I saw you come aboard I couldn't make out what 'twas for, particularly when you were so thick with the old Baillie, as we used to call the scoundrel you came aboard with—"

"What do you mean, the captain of the smack Watch?—What was he?"

"He?—why I remember seeing the villain at

Jamaica.—He wanted a passage home, being out of employ."—"What was he then?"—"Why an overseer o' one of the estates there, and a reg'lar blood-thirsty, cunning, slave-driving villain as ever lived."

"Is it possible?—and this wretch to talk of his motto being, 'Honesty 's the best policy!'"—the very thought of his treacherous specious perfidy made me quite sick!—"But proceed, Watch."

"Well, Sir, before you spoke to me, we'd got down past the great Nore, and after that scuffle, 'twas twelve o'clock before I came to, and terribly mauled I was. Directly I began to think of the matter, I went upon deck, and found we'd run through the Downs, with every stitch o' sail set which we could carry, and half a gale o' wind blowing, and this to escape being brought to by the King's service, and having some of our hands pressed out of us. The captain, it seems, wasn't far out of it, when he thought this was likely; for as 'twas, the signal had been made to bring to,—and three or four shots were fired to make us obey,

but Mackay paid no more attention to 'em, than if they'd been Dutch cheeses. I soon found out how 'twas going, and walking aft to the captain, I told him that the last skipper had promised I should go ashore, but that as I didn't wish the ship to wait for me, and as I must go, I'd thank him to give me a boat, set me ashore, and they might keep my pay.

"'As to Captain Stewart's promise, I know nothing about that,' said he, 'I have no boats, nor time to spare, and if you must go ashore, there's the gangway!' as much as to say, you may jump overboard if you like. However, Sir, I was prepared for this, and I'd got all my cash about me, but although the villain had given me leave to do it, I saw him tell old Mason to watch me, and when I came to think of it, that row in the morning hadn't left me in the primest condition for swimming four or five miles in such a sea. Then, again, Sir, there was you on board.—I'd found out from some of the captain's gang, that our touching at Portsmouth was all a flam, and

that you were regularly sold, and I thought what would you do in such a den o' thieves? and whether 'twasn't likely, that sooner than let me get to shore and tell my story, the skipper would amuse himself, by sending a musket ball through my head, before I got a dozen yards from the ship?—First and last, I was in a dreadful way, but, altogether, I thought it was best to take it as quietly as I could, and though 'twas worse than death, still a chance might turn up, if the wind would only drive us into port, before we made the run of the channel.—Not a bit of it! As I said before, Sir, Old Nick's children have their daddy's luck! Ever since we came out, we've never had a contrary wind nor two days' calm, and so here we are, without so much as having had to leave our course, 'cept when we wanted to avoid a sail--ay and that morning we got you on board, we made a stretch over to the opposite coast, nobody knows why, 'cept 'twas to get out o' hail o' the smack, and mislead you."

"Well, Watch, though no one can be more

sorry for you than I am, yet I know not, I am sure, what I should have done had I not enjoyed your protection."

"Ah, Sir! Mackay, I fear, would have settled all your troubles!"

"Yes, indeed, there is little to doubt on that score, and nothing that I can ever do, as I have often told you, can acquit me of all I owe you."

"Don't say that, Sir, you owe me nothing more than what I'd a done for any one—or for the matter o' that, what I dare say you, if you could, would have done for me."

"Most willingly—most gladly, Watch! I only hope, that I may some day be put to the test.—But after all, you have forgotten, Will, to give me the history of that song, which you called your sister's."

"Ah, poor little girl! she wonders, and well she may, what's become of Will, who wrote from Hull, and promised to meet her in three weeks' time.—As for the song, Sir, there can't be much in it to please you; 'twas only one of little Fanny's singing, ay, and making I believe, for

the matter o' that, but after we'd parted, I'd forgotten the words, and so I clapped some new ones to it, but they're poor enough, and scarce worth having anything to do with her."

" Well, never mind, Watch, let me hear them— I could never catch the whole of them."

" Oh, the words are nothing, Sir, 'cept it's what little Fanny often used to tell me, only it's stupid like to be going over a song without any words, but the song is pretty enough, ah! and so you'd think, if you heard her sing it, and if I don't make it seem so, it isn't for want of knowing it, ay, or of liking it either;" and Will, turning his eyes towards the North Eastern part of the horizon, beyond which his native isle was hid, sang with much emotion the little ballad in question, of which the following, making allowance for one or two verbal alterations, is as near a transcript as I can give.

SONG.

" Oh coldly from the shrill Nor-West
Old Winter's blast was piping,
When Fanny kissed my lip, and prest
Her brother to her bosom!

'Farewell my Will!
Since thou must go
From one who loves thee dearly,
Kind Heaven shall hear
My fondest pray'r
For thee, both late and early!'

'Look Will,' she cries,
'In yon dark skies
One star is all their glory;
So thou, at sea,
The hope shalt be
Of all our childhood's story!

'I'll wander slow,
Where'er our steps
In youth's sweet time were playing,
And Fancy still
Shall seek the hill,
Where Fanny's form is straying.

'In every breeze
That sighs, I'll hear,
Thy voice on Fanny calling,
And accents dear
Shall greet my ear,
Though winter's sleet be falling.

'In shine or storm,
Blow high, blow low,
I'll keep for thy returning,
A heart as pure
As thine is sure,
And love as noon-tide burning!'"

CHAPTER VI.

It was, I think, on the second day after my being thus made acquainted with Will's early disappointments, that I was setting on an old barrel between decks, amusing myself with one of the books which the mercy and the ignorance of my captors had combined to spare to me. It was an edition of Sallust, and I was reading the marginal notes made by my father and myself on the character of Catiline, which to me ever was, I confess, —setting aside its vices and its crimes,—one of considerable interest. I was thinking also, whether from the daring conspirator of Rome, I might not be able to take a few hints for the approaching mutiny, on which Will Watch and myself had resolved: more especially from that part which relates to the setting free the slaves on the devoted city.

Soon, however, I closed the book, for I thought too highly of our design, forced upon us by the most revolting tyranny, to compare it for an instant with one in which profligacy was the originating cause, and the gratification of cupidity the object to be attained. Still, however, the example made me confident in my own courage to make the attempt, and showed when a due guard was set against treachery, what chances favoured a determined few against even overwhelming numbers.

I thought, it is true, of Catiline's fall, and considered it far from improbable that a summary fate might await Will and myself; but this I considered as preferable to such a state of being as the present—to say nothing of my future lot.

I had scarcely come to these conclusions, when Will Watch made his appearance. He came to tell me that a strange sail had been in sight upon the weather quarter, for the last two hours; "and," added he, "our old Tyburn bird up aloft there, is in a bit of a fuss, he's sherrying about upon deck with his glass in his hand—a kick to Tom and a

lick to Jemmy. You can't see much more than the foot of her top-gallant sails from the mast-head, and they show she's no cockle-shell.—The skipper's been aloft himself, he says she's French; but I say the sail-maker as cut those sails was never born in France. However, Sir, you slip down into the cable tier and make a snug stowage of yourself, and just forget to answer your name, if you hear yourself called, for if that should turn out one of our own true blue boys, away to windward, as sure as she wears a pennant, she'll be down and aboard us to press a few hands, and then we shall see what sort o' a story the skipper will have ready. He'll be pretty desperate I expect, for your being kidnapped is near a hanging case, and so as there's no saying what may happen, you'd better take one of these little barkers," giving me a pistol; "many's the time I've found 'em useful. Mind, Sir! don't you let any one come nigh you, 'cept you know what it's for; and if you should have to use it, be cool, Sir; take a good aim; never be flustered in doing that, or you'll be like to waste powder and shot, and that's

not ship-shape." Saying this in a careless, indifferent tone of voice, he gave me the weapon, showed me where to place it, so as to be ready at a moment's notice, and returned on deck, promising to keep a sharp look out in our favour and report to me from time to time.

I, of course, followed Will's advice in every particular, but, at the same time, most devoutly hoped that I might be spared the necessity of shedding human blood; the very idea of which struck me with horror. At the same time, I could not help confessing, that with all the good qualities which Will possessed, there certainly was a dash of the tiger about him, a far too slight estimation of the crime of bloodshed, which not unfrequently broke forth.

From time to time Will came down to me in my retreat, with the news from deck; and I felt the tumultuous throbbing of my heart almost unbearable, as at each succeeding period, he reported to me the gradual uprearing of our pursuer's sails in the distant horizon.

" I'd lay a bet of five hundred to one," said he,

" that I'm right as to what that ship is: she's a British seventy-four, and Mackay begins to come into the same way of thinking, and what's more, she's a better sailer than you'd meet with every day, for she's gaining on us hand over hand.—Here, it's only just four bells—two o'clock,—and we can see pretty nigh half-way down her topsails; but I fear we shall hold them a stiff chase yet, for whoever built this bark, knew how to clap her timbers together, and our old Tyburn bird's no fool. Villain as he is, he's a reg'lar built sailor, as far as work goes, and he's got some smart hands in his gang; worse for us that I should have to say it!"

And, indeed, Will was right; for I could distinctly hear the voice of the hated wretch, as he bawled his orders to his crew on deck, and met each arising emergency with some new resource, that might well have done good credit to a far better cause.

" Come, my lads," I heard him singing out to his men, interlarding his dicta, by the by, with oaths, neither few nor choice, " this 'll never do—We're dropping in the chase like a

bag o' sand.—Forward here, some o' you smart fellows, as don't want to be pressed into that prison ship astern; let's see the shine of a tomahawk or two. We're too heavy by the head: we must part with our bower and kedge anchors, and keep only the sheet as a stand by." This order I then heard followed by the trampling of feet on the forecastle, and, after a brief space, two successive plunges informed me that the cables had been cut and the anchors consigned to the deep.—"So, my hearts of oak, that's well;—she springs all the better for it." And truth to say, my fears almost made me feel the corroboration of the villain's words, as the ship seemed to bound more lightly over the waves, and bear me faster from those on whom now rested my chief hopes of succour.

In this feeling, however, I was not altogether deceived, for the ship rolled more heavily; a sudden squall coming on, followed by a crash, I was enabled to ascertain, from the shouting, that we had carried away the maintop-gallant mast. After a correspondent puff of swearing on the part of the captain, he gave the orders necessary

towards the getting a new one in its place, which they soon turned out from among the booms, and sent aloft with considerable expedition, much to the annoyance of Will and myself. With all our expectations of their obstinacy, we scarcely gave them credit for being so little incommoded by what was in reality no slight accident; for during the time taken in getting up the second mast—brief as it was—the seventy-four gained more upon us than she had done for the last two hours. At this time, by the account of Watch, the foot of her top-sails were plainly visible from the mast-head, and this sight spurred on Mackay to still greater exertions.

"Hey, there! Charlton," I heard him bellowing, "see that the carpenter's adzes are got upon deck, and let's have all the wedges out from round the masts.—Forward, again here, two or three of ye—these two forecastle guns must go overboard.—This is no time to be lumbered up with cold-iron! They'll be o' no more use than a dirty mop, if once we let that thumping fellow come down upon us

with his long thirty-two's.—Here, Jackson—how many tons o' water can you spare out o' the hold?—Jump down and see, and start away all ye can for your life. Rig the pumps my boys, and look sharp about it; short allowance is better than a King's cruiser. We'll soon pump it out o' her, and see whether we can't make 'em take leg bail."

While the clack and clang consequent upon these energetic measures, was going on above me, I was listening with the most intense anxiety, and praying fervently that such execrable villainy might not be allowed to escape unpunished. That this would, however, be the case, there certainly did seem great reason to fear; for it was soon evident that the ship's speed was increased by this lightening of her load, though certainly not to any very great extent; but still the bare idea of such being the fact was sufficient. Fervently did I hope that the masts so much loosened by the withdrawal of their wedges, might yield to the powerful breeze now blowing, and depart over the side—but no; they creaked, and swung, and

wavered, but their shrouds and stays held them fast enough, despite of their having been deprived of the fulcrum, as it were, of the deck.

It was now about five or six o'clock, and all the above orders having been duly executed for some time, the captain continued to regard his pursuer with an eye of redoubled vigilance; as debating whether enough had been done to secure him from the reach of his powerful enemy, or whether he should still resort to still more extreme measures. It would appear that he held the latter course to be the best, since he directed two more guns to be cast overboard, and getting together all the saws in the ship, set the crew to work, cutting through every third beam fore and aft, besides many of the carlines. In addition to this, he ordered the laniards of the stays to be eased off, and made the men go aloft and haul up buckets of water, which they dashed over the sails. These commands certainly produced a great effect, but no sooner had they been put into execution than I thought we must have gone to pieces. The motion of the ship was extreme—she creaked, and

cracked, until I fancied I heard her breaking up at every sound. She trembled violently as she rushed over each succeeding wave, like some poor deer, maddened by a pursuit which it knows must end in its destruction, but compelled by instinct to put forth all its powers for the temporary prolongation of existence. In addition to this we now began to leak, but the pumps were brought into play to counterbalance this evil, and certainly never was there a captain or a crew who more exerted themselves to escape capture, than did Mackay and his men that night.

In the midst of these labours, however, thus entailed upon his "gang," he did not forget the grand stimulus so dear to a sailor; but served out to them their usual allowance of grog, at six o'clock, with an assurance that if they "clapped on with a will," they should have the main-brace spliced at nine,—in other words, receive an extra quantity at that hour.

It was at this juncture that Will again came down to me to report progress. On my asking, however, whether the stranger gained on us fast,

he shook his head, saying, "No, Sir—that Mackay 's no griffin, I'd lay my life he was brought up aboard a man o' war.—He's knocking nigh fourteen knots an hour out o' this craft, and 'tisn't in the merchant service they learn to play such tricks with a ship as 'll make her do that.—However, ye see, Sir, if our luck should be so bad as not to be taken, at any rate we may look out for a reg'lar good gale o' wind; and after all this chopping and sawing, if we don't go to pieces the first night on't, why, Will Watch knows nothing about the matter."

"Why, Watch!" I replied, not much comforted at this odd source of consolation which he laid before me, "if that's all, to which we have to trust, I cannot but think we are badly off."

"Vast heaving, Sir—I've just come down to put you up to a wrinkle, which I can't manage altogether by myself."

"What is it? You may depend on me."

"Wait a bit, Sir—as things go now, ye see, 'tis a chance but we leave the old seventy-four to keep her own company; but as that isn't quite the

thing for you and I, we must see what we can do to prevent it. 'Tis a dangerous sort of a trick, but 'nothing go—nothing gain,' you know, so we must take our chance o' that. 'Twas well enough to hold off while there was any chance of our being snapped up by old checker-sides without our assistance, but as we seem to be walking a head of him again, we must do what we can, and stand the brunt of it."

"With all my heart, Will."

"That's right, Sir!—There isn't much for you to do. I'll take the worst part o' it—but ye see here, Sir," unbuttoning his pea-jacket and producing three strong fishing-lines of some length, "I want you to set-to, heart and soul, and lay these lines up into a small hawser-twist."

"But I don't know how, Watch."

"Oh yes, you do, Sir, it is done just in the same way as I taught you to lay up them nettles the other day; here see, Sir, I'll soon show ye," and opening the lanthorn which he had brought, and placing it in such a position that no glimmering of its light could escape to the deck above, he put

me in the way of doing the work he required, and then left me as quickly and silently as he could.

Transported at the idea of being in any way useful towards the accomplishment of our deliverance, I seized my task with avidity and commenced working away at it, before I even knew to what end my work was destined. This, however, I held to be of no moment, for such was my confidence in Will, that I considered any undertaking he might commence, as sure of being conducted to as successful an issue, as from attendant circumstances was possible. I very soon, however, found that it would be quite out of the question to lay up in the given time so great a length of cord, and was in no slight perplexity, when I heard some one stealing in towards my retreat, and Will's voice demanding in a whisper how I succeeded.

Having communicated to him the cause of my present dilemma, he soon devised another method of proceeding, which he said would answer equally well for his purpose, and which I found much

more easily and speedily to be managed.—This was by seizing, or banding as it were, the fishing lines together, with small twine, at every yard's length. My task being finished, I extinguished my light as he had desired me, and quietly awaited the pipe to grog at nine o'clock.

The time seemed most dolefully tedious, but at last the bell struck, the joyful summons to the grog-tub was given, and punctual to his time down slipped Will—"Where are ye, Sir?"

"Here, Will, am I."

"Give us your hand, Sir—So—Now where's your reel of line—have ye got it all ready, wound up and clear o' knots?"

"All right, Will, here it is."

"That's he, Sir; give it me, I'll stow him under my jacket, and now bear a hand for your life, and follow me on deck, before any of these villains come away with their grog, else if they chance to get a sight of ye, it may be awkward."

Following Will as closely as possible, we soon stood upon the forecastle; screened by the swelling mainsail from the observation of the only man on

deck beside ourselves—Mackay,—who was steering at the wheel.

Stealing on tip-toe, Will beckoned me to follow him, to the larboard side of the deck, where jumping up on the bulwark under the fore-rigging, he lifted me in, placed me by him, and then slipping down outside into the forechains *, again took me in his arms, landing me in a safe position. Even this, however, seemed to me to be a frightful station; what with the extreme motion of the ship, and the velocity with which she darted through the tumbling mass of foam and fire that glittered beneath me.

"Now, Sir," said Will, "you must hold on taut to these shrouds, and nothing can happen t'ye; for all that we can do to stop this barky from running away so fast, is this—" taking up three sounding leads, weighing somewhat less than thirty pounds, and making them fast to one end of the little line on which I had been employed. "Now, Sir, clap your feet upon these leads, to keep them fast from rolling overboard, while you hold

* The slight projection from the side, to which the rigging is fastened.

your own with your hands, and stay here till I come back to you. If't happens that any thing should come amiss to me, don't you say a word, but make off below as fast ye can, and take your chance for the best."

The last piece of advice alarmed and confounded me, and I was about to demand an explanation, and implore Will not to hazard his life in any wild undertaking, when to my horror I saw him make a spring as if overboard, but seeing him suddenly arrested in mid-air, I concluded that he had caught hold of a rope, and in this conjecture I was right, for while I, trembling with fear, beheld him dangling over the awful abyss beneath, he gave a sudden jerk, threw up his legs into a position horizontal with his body, and crossing his feet over the same rope to which he was already attached by his hands, he darted out from the ship with his face upwards, until he reached the spritsail* yard-arm; to one of the braces of which he had been clinging. Having staid at this point during the brief space necessary to make fast the other end of our little cable, he

* The spar which crosses the bowsprit.

returned in a similar manner and rejoined me, not a little delighted in his safety.

"Now, Sir, hand me those leads; I'll just make fast this little bit of a laniard and lower 'em gently overboard, and if they make her steer a bit more easy, I'm a Dutchman." Accordingly Will having eased his sounding leads into the water, let them go astern, and then helping me in-board as gently as he could, made me stow myself away among the booms till the lights were put out below, when, by his advice, I slunk away to my hammock; having been previously advised by him not to undress myself, and "keep my weather eye awake."

In the meanwhile, however, Will's stratagem answered completely. The night was cloudless but very dark, and this rendered it impossible to observe our slight towing-line from in-board. Its great length prevented the leads from rising to the surface, until so far astern that they were lost in the foam of the ship's wake, while the breeze, and a very powerful one was blowing, being a little on the larboard quarter, the drag of such a weight

on the spritsail yard-arm acting as a forcible lever, necessarily gave the ship a tendency to come round to the wind. This was not on the instant perceived, and after trying in vain to account for such a circumstance, it was naturally enough set down to the alteration produced in the ship's trim, by the efforts that had been made to lighten her. To counteract this tendency then, they were obliged to keep the helm a turn to windward, and by the rudder thus producing an impediment to leeward, added to the obstruction already effected by our leads on the weather bow, and so much lessened her way, that from fourteen knots an hour she fell off to eleven and a half. The result of such a deterioration of the vessel's speed was soon obvious. The sails of the pursuing ship, rose rapidly in the horizon astern, and half an hour before day-break, Will was at my side to communicate these glad tidings.

How thankful did I feel! and yet I scarcely dared to hope that the issue would be favourable. What I did, however, was to jump out of my hammock right quickly, and proceed on deck.

The scene that awaited me there was indeed sublime; and made as deep an impression on my mind as any which I ever remember to have witnessed. And oh! the joy I felt in contemplating it.

To windward in the East, the deep blue of the sky had begun to be broken by the faintest tinge of light, while before its pale silvery line of grey, the herald of the day's approach—the stars seemed counselling the night to withdraw, and, like true sycophants of royalty, to show their Queen by their example the path to retreat.

In the middle of this dim gleam, I beheld a dark pyramidal mass uprearing itself; but scarcely had I time to conjecture what this might be, when with the most beautiful effect which it is possible to conceive, a sudden gleam of flame bursting from its base, seemed to spread itself over the whole space of sea and sky; the plunging of a shot about half a mile to windward, and the heavy sullen sound succeeding, announced that our pursuer had commenced firing.

Looking on the instant towards the quarter

deck, to see how this summons would be received by Mackay, I saw him standing by the wheel with upturned eyes; momentarily expecting to see some of his spars go overboard, or it might have been ransacking that receptacle and engenderer of guilty thoughts—his brain, for some new resource against approaching fate.—If thus employed, it was in vain. His ship had been beaten on her best point, of sailing. All that ingenuity could devise or art effect, had already been done by him to escape, but hitherto, at least, it had been fruitless.

Haggard, indeed, did he look with the long and anxious watching of the past night, and now the morning found him, desperate as crime and hopelessness could make him. The men too, with pale faces and muttering fearful curses to themselves, thronged to the gangway to gaze on the pursuing ship, rendered with every succeeding instant more distinctly majestic, as the gradual increase of light revealed the clear noble outline of her sails, and general symmetry of proportion.

For a quarter of an hour after the first gun,

no further notice was taken of us than by her continuing to bear gradually down. At the end of this time, one—two—three—successive flashes again lit up the scene around us with uncommon grandeur and beauty; nor was that all—the flash was succeeded by a sudden tear—and crack went some of the canvass aloft, rending into strips—I looked up; a ball had passed through the leach of the weather fore-topmast-studding sail, and the wind following up the mischief which the shot had began, in two seconds reduced the sail to rags.—The captain regarded the spectacle with a mingled look of fury and despair, which would beggar all description.—He uttered no sound, but stooping down, as I thought to hide his countenance, he patted the head of his spaniel which was sitting at his feet; while I heard him say to the helmsman in a husky voice, "Take that poor creature below, and tie her up out of the way of them Devil's messengers," meaning the shots; after which little trait of kindness, a kindness of the only sort to which I ever knew him to be accessible, he took the steerage into his

own hand, and cried out in a sullen voice, " All hands shorten sail!—Aft there, Roberts, and hoist the red ensign."

The studding-sails were now by his orders successively taken in, and the top gallant-sails clued up, when the ship's canvass being sufficiently reduced, he rounded her to the wind, and hove the main-top-sail aback. After this he called his mate aft and gave some orders, which the latter executed by placing several of the crew in different stations.

I, in the meanwhile, had been lying *perdu*, as it were, " among the pots," wondering not a little that he had never asked for one whose existence so strongly threatened his own. As, however, he seemed scarcely to remember that I was on board, I could only conclude that events of greater moment, had driven such a circumstance from his recollection; not a little did I rejoice that such had been the case, for I was not altogether without some apprehensions as to what might be his conduct, should he suddenly turn his attention towards me. At one thing I confess I was con-

siderably surprised, namely, the readiness with which he seemed inclined at the last to give himself up to his fate;—but of this hereafter.

The seventy-four, for such, as Will had pronounced her, she now appeared to be, came rapidly up with us; nor since her last summons had she fired another shot. Before day had well broken, she too had shortened sail, and hove to at the distance of six hundred yards upon our quarter. Having us now pretty safe, she lowered down one of her barges, and manning it, sent a lieutenant and a midshipman to board us.

How wildly my heart beat at this sight!—my breath seemed to be impeded by my excess of joy at this approaching deliverance. Scarcely did I permit the lieutenant to ascend from the boat and gain a footing on the quarter-deck, where the captain was waiting to receive him, than I rushed forward, threw myself between them, and claimed the officer's protection. At the sight of me, Mackay, who before seemed cowed beneath the weight of his own guilt, now became transported with the most deadly rage.

Stepping aside, and swinging round his head an iron bar,—a monkey-tail which he had hitherto kept behind his back, I suppose for the demolition of the lieutenant,—he struck directly at me. Shrinking myself, however, into as small a space as possible, I darted on one side to escape the blow, which thus fell upon one of Mackay's own "gang"; and so effectually was the poor fellow's skull cleft, that he dropped instantaneously dead upon the deck. Incensed at this outrage, the lieutenant's sword was in a moment drawn, and pointed at the captain's throat.

"Sway away the main yard," roared Mackay to his crew, who, it seems, had been ready primed for this occasion, and now surrounded the king's officer so closely, that it was impossible for him to get at the chief object of his vengeance.

The captain flew to the gangway, where one of his men was opposing the entrance of the barge's bowman, and thrusting at the seaman with all his strength, the blow hurled the poor fellow back into his boat; he at the same time knocking down two of the boat's crew, who were springing up to

their officer's assistance. Under these three were thus buried the boathooks that had held the barge fast alongside, while the captain's order for swinging the main yard having been instantly obeyed, the ship had, in a few seconds, gathered sufficient way to drop them ten or twenty yards astern, where all their pulling availed them not to regain their former position.

No sooner, however, did Will Watch, who was on the weather gangway, hear the scuffle to leeward, than he sprang to our assistance; but not until the barge alongside had been detached by the attack of Mackay. The last named personage, looking round for me, encountered Will face to face.

Between these two, a desperate struggle now began. Size was in favour of the captain rather, but youth, strength, and activity were possessed by Will Watch in a greater degree. The crew fancying, however, that the latter had met more than his match, seemed to direct all their animosity against the lieutenant; who, most gallantly combating with his sword the dispropor-

tioned host assailing him on all sides with every species of weapon, was being slowly borne by his foes to the taffrail, though every backward step he took, was followed by a stream of blood. One fellow only, it seems, thought of me, as I lay alone, half-stunned, among the guns, where I had been thrown in the scuffle. Seeing this wretch approach—a drawn clasp-knife in his hand—I suppose with the kindly purpose of despatching me, I sprang upon one knee, and, as the villain stooped down, drew Will's pistol from my breast, and presenting it at his—fired.

Not until I felt myself borne down by his falling body, and weltering in his blood, did I know what I had done. Then it was, I suppose, the dash of the Black Douglas first shewed itself in my disposition. Jumping on my feet, I seized the first object that presented itself as a weapon of offence, and looked round to see who should be my next assailant.

To my horror, I was just in time to behold the unfortunate lieutenant hurled overboard from our weather quarter, when the villains who had per-

petrated this outrage, made a rush in a body towards me. My days are over, thought I, as with all the fortitude I could summon I awaited my approaching fate. To my utter surprise, I beheld them one and all, with terror in their countenances, dart down the companion ladder to the deck below. Thus left to myself, I endeavoured to discover the cause to which I owed my safety, and beheld the seventy-four, her enormous spread of canvass distended by the powerful breeze, tearing across the waves towards us, like some infuriated giant of the deep, now within so short a distance on our quarter as to form, without any exaggeration, a sight at once terrific and sublime.

The object of fear from which the slaver's men had fled, was sufficiently obvious. Swarming on her forecastle, her bowsprit, and fore-shrouds, appeared her grim-visaged crew, their naked cutlasses in their hands, ready to pour upon our devoted decks.

"Will Watch!" I shouted, in the utmost despair, believing that he must be lying wounded,

or perhaps even dead, near me, and that I alone was on deck. No one answered me, and I, scarcely knowing what I did or what to do, sprang over to windward, where the first object that struck my eye, was Will locked in a death struggle with Mackay. The expression of either countenance was horrible to behold! — Their eyes seemed starting from their heads,—Will's as if with the fell intensity of his rage, Mackay's from the agony of his despair! The activity and strength of Watch had, as I expected, told well in the encounter with his bulkier opponent; who, with his back bent round upon the steerage-wheel, his feet entangled with its ropes, his head jammed in between its spokes, and his face rapidly growing purple from the suffocating grasp which Will maintained upon his throat, seemed like the Bengal tiger in the strangling embrace of the more slight but deadly boa!

"Port your helm! Port—hard a port!" shouted a hundred voices from the approaching seventy-four—their hoarse accents of command, mingling with the roar of waters, the crashing of spars, and

an infinity of other sounds.—"Watch! Watch!" I exclaimed, frantically clasping my hands, ignorant of what to do, and unable to withdraw my gaze from the horrid struggle going on before me. Will replied not a word, but scowled upon his foe with eyes that only seemed to regret they had not the power, as fully as the wish to slay. Without loosening his deadly hold, he looked around for some speedier mode of destruction; then, catching a sight of the approaching line of battle ship, something with the speed of lightning appeared to flash across his mind, as with one hand he rapidly untied a silk handkerchief from his waist. At this moment a sudden crash seemed to shiver the vessel into a thousand atoms, and the shock threw me with a violent blow upon the deck. I looked up—the figure-head of the seventy-four was directly over me—her cutwater was grinding us into the yeast of waves beneath.

"Watch — Will Watch! for mercy's sake" —— but, before I could utter another word, some one lifted me in his arms, and, springing on the

sinking bulwark of our prison-ship, caught hold of one of the man of war's ropes, hanging from above, and by this means seated himself upon the protruding muzzle of one of her guns. Frightfully insecure as was such a station, I did indeed feel thankful for attaining even that, and looking round to see who had thus rescued me, found, to my inexpressible joy, that I was again indebted to my friend Will. Panting from the deadly contest in which he had been so lately engaged, he was only able to point to the scene on the deck of our late tyrants below. I shudder even to recall it. Writhing upon the steerage-wheel, to which his neck was bound by Will's silk handkerchief, and struggling in vain to get free—his blackened and distorted face the image of despair and guilt, and his hand uplifted in appeal to those, to whom he had taught any lesson but that of mercy—I beheld Mackay whirled head downwards by a sudden movement of his ship's rudder, which left no part of him visible, save his feet, struggling in the air. In the next instant the seventy-four, like some vindictive and relentless monster of the deep,

seemed to ride over the crushed decks of the slaver with her stem; and while her crew were starting from their hiding places, with ghastly looks of horror, she disappeared swiftly from our view beneath. A mass of wreck amid the foaming surge—a slight perceptible grating of the keel for a second or two over the sinking and dissevered hull, was all that seemed to evidence the fact to our senses; and the line of battle ship sprang on, upon the blue bosom of each succeeding wave, as uninterruptedly as if, within a few brief seconds, she had not despatched so many human beings to their irrevocable doom!—What that was to be it was indeed awful to consider!

CHAPTER VII.

For a few minutes' space after the dreadful catastrophe recorded in the preceding chapter, not a breath seemed to be drawn on board the two-decker, nor was the slightest sound heard, save the continuous rushing of the dark, free waves beneath the heedless prow. The suddenness of the event seemed to leave its spectators horror-struck; and then the looks of both officers and crew turned to Will and myself, the first of whom they seemed to regard with as much admiration as surprise at the avoiding of so imminent a danger.

No time was now lost in getting us safe inboard; and, as the lower deck ports were open, this was soon effected by the aid of the crew within, they being at their quarters. On reaching

the lower deck, and feeling myself sound and safe in limb and body, I could hardly contain my joy —my thankfulness, so great was my escape from everything that I considered most horrible.

The officer into whose quarters I had thus unceremoniously intruded, gave Will and myself in charge to a midshipman, to be led up to the quarter-deck for examination by the captain. While on our road, we were stared at as if beings of a new order.

This was the first time I had ever seen a man-of-war of a size larger than a brig, and my astonishment was in proportion. I was not allowed, however, any length of time to indulge in such a feeling. The captain was on the poop, hailing his barge to make haste and bring on board their wounded lieutenant, whom they had succeeded in picking up. This finished, he came jumping down upon the quarter-deck to interrogate his new passengers. He was a short, sharp little man, but did not appear to have an ill-natured expression of countenance. He was stout in person, and as singular in aspect as he afterwards proved

to be eccentric in character. He appeared to me to wear no particular symbol of authority, which might show the superiority of his rank over that of his fellow officers around him, but was simply dressed in a black glazed hat, and undress jacket, with a pair of rough blue cloth trowsers. The distinctive features of the dress of Captain Burgos were better to be seen, however, when he faced about—which he did occasionally—and presented a back view. Nature had been far from illiberal in some of the proportions of the little man; and over these hung down, from beneath his jacket, the white, untied strings of his waistcoat, which, it would seem, he had an insuperable objection to concealing, for there they dangled and continued to dangle as long as I knew him, giving to his appearance a look grotesque and ridiculous in the extreme.

"Where are they? Where are they? Where, where, where, where?" he exclaimed, jumping down the poop ladder, and speaking as rapidly as it was possible for him to enunciate "the dogs—the wretches—the villains—where are they?"—

I began to fear. "Here, here, here; what are you—who are you—what have you been doing—how came you aboard that craft—eh? eh? Come, come, make haste, Sir. What, what, what have ye got to say for yourselves?" looking first at me and then at Watch.

Though not a little confused at this singular address and half adduced charge, and that before the whole crowd of officers, pressing round as near as they could, to hear the examination, I summoned courage, from the consciousness of having done no wrong, and commenced my tale.

I said that I was not a part of the crew of the vessel they had just sunk, but had been kidnapped and ill treated by the captain, plundered of my property, and detained against my will; that Will Watch was in the last particular a fellow sufferer; and that, finally, it was by his exertions and ingenuity alone, they had been enabled to come up with their chase. I then briefly recapitulated the heads of my story, which there was no slight inclination I thought to disbelieve, nor was this incredulity dispelled until I mentioned

the name of Admiral Fluke, and the fact of his being my friend.

"Fluke, Fluke, Fluke, my boy! d'ye know Fluke? and as good an old officer he is, as ever hoisted his own flag, or hauled down an enemy's: —capital fellow, Fluke!" On hearing this, I produced the kind old veteran's letter, which, with my father's manuscript, I had never ceased, since my fever, to carry about my person, and presented the former for the captain's perusal. This, as soon as he had read, he gave to his first lieutenant, and then clapped me on the back, saying, "Fine lad—brave boy; fine lad—that is, when I say fine lad, you know—I don't mean any thing of the sort. I dare say ye're as arrant a rogue as ever lived, but still, ye see, I'll be your friend—d'ye comprehend?" Truth to say, I never comprehended a speech less, and such a feeling, I doubt not, my looks expressed, though my lips did not. Of this, however, he took no further notice than to give me an extra pat, which made my shoulders tingle again, while he said to the first lieutenant—"Ay, ay, we'll sharpen him up,

sharpen him up in no time! Fluke's an old friend of mine, a good officer, a regular good fellow, and as he wants the lad to be in the service, d'ye see, Mr. Clueline, he can't be better off than where he is; we have a midshipman's vacancy, you may as well clap his name down in the books. That is, you know, when I say in the books, of course I don't mean any thing of the sort—but still, ye see, ye may as well give him the rating, d'ye comprehend?"

"Ay, ay, Sir, I understand, he shall be borne at once, and we'll get him victualled for to-day's breakfast," replied the first lieutenant, who seemed to translate the idiomatic and contradictory orders of his superior, with a facility which led me at once to conclude, that what appeared so strange to me, was but an idle habit in the captain—the idiosyncrasy of his discourse as it were. Before, however, I could finish my story, the proper steps were taken to heave-to the ship once more, and lower another boat, with the hope of picking up such of the slaver's crew, as might have been enabled, by some possibility, to float. For these,

if such there were, we looked in vain; but one conclusion was left for us to form,—their account with this world was closed for ever!

It was a thought that made my flesh creep to recall; and much as I had suffered from the miserable wretch whose course of guilt was thus suddenly terminated, I could have wished him, before his punishment, some brief moments for repentance.

Many other considerations were with these mingled: I thought, by the by, if the captain of the smack had been on board the slaver, justice would not have suffered by the allotment. I had a lingering, and as my friend, Junius, would say, a Scotch feeling for all my goods and chattels, that had thus suddenly been consigned to the depths below, as well as to my own "sma' peculiar in the way o' money," which the captain had carried with him, though it could little avail him whither he had gone; but the loss of gear, which more particularly clung to my remembrance, was the jewelled watch; the remembrance of this, I confess, gave me many a pang. I consoled myself, however, by thinking that it might have been worse,

since I had been able to secure the original of my parent's manuscript — and here also I had to rejoice, that by following the Admiral's advice, I had brought from Edinburgh only a very small proportion of my father's library, though, as it was, I had been called on to part with more old friends, than I found it in my heart to lose without repining. One thing, at least, is happy for mankind, wonderfully soon do we become reconciled to the most opposite changes and accidents in our existence; and though I had not extricated myself from the slaver, quite in my own way, each succeeding day proved to me from how much I had escaped, and what advantages I had gained. The ship in which I had now, in so strange and unexpected a manner, become an officer, was one returning from the Jamaica station, and now that she had ascertained the character, by ending the existence of the "strange sail," she resumed the course which the hope of a prize, and the obstinacy of its flight, had temporarily interrupted.

On remarking to some of the officers on the severity of the punishment which Captain Burgos had adopted, in running down a vessel before he was fully acquainted with her misdemeanours, I was informed that such treatment was by no means meditated on the part of his Majesty's cruiser, but that it was owing to the slaver having suddenly run up into the wind, before the seventy-four could avoid her. This account was also confirmed by Will Watch, who told me, that in his struggle with Mackay they had inadvertently given the helm a turn to starboard, by means of the wheel, which, acting in conjunction with our leads towing astern, had produced the fatal accident, by laying the slaver athwart-hawse of the two-decker.

Will's expedient, however, proved even more useful than he had expected, for on the lieutenant being thrown overboard, he, by the merest accident, came in contact with the tow-line, without which, in his wounded state, he would most likely have sunk. By this means, however, he was ena-

bled to support himself until picked up by his own boat and brought on board. His wounds, for some days, threatened fatally, but with the help of youth and the surgeon, I was happy enough to gain a friend whose services often proved valuable.

The captain and first lieutenant seeming to take a peculiar interest in Will Watch, asked him to volunteer, offering for the present the rating of able seaman, with a promise of a better berth on the earliest opportunity. This Will very wisely accepted, knowing that his refusal would only be followed by compulsion, though at the same time it went against his will to enter a service, the limit of whose term of duty, he could not even guess. For one thing, however, he bargained, and this, by the good nature of the captain, he was enabled to obtain ; namely, that as we were now bound for Spithead, he should be allowed to go and see his friends, with as long a leave of absence, as could possibly be permitted to him.

Though very glad that Will and myself were still to be shipmates, I know not why it was, I could

not help feeling with regret, that a sort of gulf was now placed between the seaman and his officer, more than I could ever have wished to exist between the kidnapped youngster and his friend: it grieved me to think that the path of honourable enterprise was not as fully open to Will's courage and abilities as to my ambition. It was true that I—myself only upon sufferance of the captain's kindness—could not ask that Watch should be placed upon the quarter-deck, but I mentally resolved to apply to Admiral Fluke in his behalf, and took the earliest opportunity of mentioning the subject to my late defender. At first he seemed disposed to consider the proposal as a great kindness, and one which would end in his ultimate satisfaction and advantage; but in a few days he told me that he had been considering the subject in all its bearings, and that as it would most likely subject him to much taunt and ridicule, in consequence of his imperfect education, he thought it would be wiser to content himself with his present station. I endeavoured, but in vain, to shake this resolution, by offering, during

the space that would intervene before his being placed on the quarter-deck of any of his Majesty's ships, to remove his objection by any instructions in grammar and writing, the two points on which he was most sensible of deficiency. Seeing, however, that he was determined to abide by his decision, I gave up any further attempts at altering it, and by degrees came round to the belief, that he had made the choice most conducive to his happiness. Whether in this conjecture I was right, remained to be seen.

The first brief feeling of courtesy due to a stranger in distress, having soon worn off, I was made to feel that my ordeal was not to be forgiven me, because my kit had been run down, and myself hauled in through one of the bow-ports, after a narrow escape from destruction. Sundry and tormenting were the tricks which I had to undergo from the numerous young fry on board, who all piqued themselves on being experienced hands.

Recalling, however, my father's advice, I endeavoured to take every thing as it was meant—in fun, and this soon procured for me several friends

among the older members of the mess, though some of these were indeed great brutes, in every sense of the word. One youngster, however, there was, about a year older than myself, who seemed to have fixed on me as a butt. The tricks he had played me, had always been marked by a degree of coarseness and malice, which disgusted and enraged me, more than did the acts of any of my other little tyrants. Often after some burst of his intruding humour, did I sit apart and scan his proportions with a feeling of anger which I vainly endeavoured to subdue. His form was considerably stouter than mine, so much so that I used to console my irritated feelings by muttering to myself "he's a fat bloated Southron after all done and said." Moreover, to crown the enormity of his atrocities, he had nick-named me Sawney, and never addressed me without ridiculing and greatly exaggerating my northern accent. In some of his pranks he had even gone so far as to get the feelings of the older members turned against him. Arran, said they, half in humour, why don't you give him a thrashing?

From this I considered that my forbearance had been sufficiently shown, and I determined accordingly to strike a blow for independence. The opportunity for this was not long in occurring; we were seated at the breakfast table one morning, my tormenter, Mr. Giles, being next to me, when he suddenly pronounced my name in so loud a tone, that I quickly turned my head towards him to see what he wanted. In an instant I felt my cheek severely lacerated by a fork, on which Giles had stuck a piece of the fat pork that forms part of our provisions at sea.

The meat having been covered with mustard, had been so held, that I must have infallibly struck it in turning to answer his call. I believe this delicate morsel was kindly intended for my mouth, which was, however, spared on this occasion.

The smarting pain from the wound thus given, made my blood tingle with rage, further augmented by the boy's saying at the same time, "Sawney! ye'll no' be getting such a sop as this every day, on t'other side of Tweed."

"No, Sir," I replied, starting up on the instant, and using my handkerchief to efface the marks of this rude jest, "I'll not deny that my associates in that country are ignorant of the method of offering such a morsel in such a manner, but should you ever cross the border and get so far out of your sphere as to be among gentlemen, you'll soon learn how such an obligation is to be returned to you," striking the offender at the same time, a severe blow in the face.

A shout was instantly raised, a ring formed and the battle fought out. I was far from coming off scaithless, neither indeed did my adversary; but his having provoked the contest by an act which presupposed his superiority, told much against him, and he was forced to think, though he would not admit the fact, that I was too nearly his match to be wantonly provoked.

This battle seemed to establish my neutrality and existence among these petty states. It did not prove the last to be sure, but it was the most severe, and thenceforward like other fish, I was allowed to hang by my own tail, though

I nevertheless determined to lose no time in acquiring as much of the English idiom and accent as I could, in order to render permanent my present suppression of that odious appellative, *Sawney*. In these efforts I was aided by one of my new messmates, by whose manner and appearance I was greatly taken, and with whom I contracted the most sincere friendship,—the remembrance of which will ever revive in my mind sensations of the most exquisite, but alas, most melancholy pleasure.

His name was Miles, Grahame Miles. In age he was about a year in advance of myself; and a finer hearted creature, or more promising young man, I think it was never my happiness to meet, or misfortune to lose. He was the youngest but one of four sons, and having been sent to sea at an age earlier than my own, he was of course more accustomed to the ways of the world, but in return I possessed a corresponding advantage over him, inasmuch as infinitely more pains had been taken with my education. For while he had been left to the over-indulgence of a fond

mother, I from my cradle had been made the object of unceasing attention by one well skilled indeed to be a most valuable instructor, and if his efforts were not turned to a due account, the blame was mine alone.

The first thing that drew Miles and myself together, was the battle just mentioned, we felt that in our mother-country we had a common tie, for though an Englishman himself, Miles' favourite parent, was a descendant of the celebrated and glorious James Grahame of Montrose, on whose heroic deeds and sufferings my young friend delighted to dwell, and from whom he derived his Christian name. Many a weary hour we used thus to pass together, for, having seen the majority of the spots which the deeds of the gallant marquis have consecrated, I was enabled to give him much local information which he might not otherwise have obtained, and having always been taught to dwell on the memory of this Scottish hero with feelings of the greatest veneration, I felt, that affection could nowhere more properly exist, than between the sons of those, whose fathers had for one

common cause, fought in the same fields, and perished — I might almost say on the same block!

After-years, and the bitter lessons of the world, taught me that these feelings, however noble in themselves, and true to the finer sentiments of the soul, were nevertheless false to human nature—were boyish—were transitory and illusive,—but no matter. Poor Miles, at least, never awoke to this stinging conviction! The sacred affection emanating from these feelings, brief as it was doomed to be, continued to burn to the last, like the incense of the seraph's censer, with a pure and fragrant flame. My feeling for him, stands out alone in the reminiscences of my life, it sprang up without a precedent, and seemed to leave no room for its fellow to succeed.

It is true we were thrown together at a climax which, alas! is never to be renewed — for the hardening fire of the world, soon fixes the softness of the heart, and like the clay of the potter, it is to be changed only by breaking.

However, to proceed.—In return for any little

information I was able to afford to my new friend, he undertook to instruct me in my various duties, and the best method of performing them. I read also with him constantly, and laboured hard and effectually to acquire a less perceptible accentuation. By attending as strictly as I could, to the rules which my poor father had laid down for my conduct, and which for their knowledge of human life, I had daily reason to admire, I soon found myself enabled to execute all that was required of me with tolerable credit and comfort. The more good natured of the officers seemed inclined to befriend me, and the rest I easily contrived to avoid.

The latter, indeed, owing to the kind care of Captain Burgos—who, with all his eccentricities, was a most excellect officer—were kept in such a degree of order as prevented them from greatly molesting their inferiors; and in this credit the first lieutenant also had a considerable share: but I was informed that we were a ship peculiarly fortunate, and were considered to be in a high state of order; but that in others where a different

disposition actuated the commanders, duty was known to be carried on, in a way that made life scarcely bearable; and of this species of tyranny many most execrable instances were given me.

Blessing my stars that I had been thus fortunate, I determined as far as I could, to secure the good offices of those in power, so that I might continue where I was.

Among the many oddities of the captain was one which I thought extremely droll, and for which I learnt he was much noted, not only on board, but throughout the navy generally. I had not been on board a week, when it became my turn to keep the afternoon watch. At four o'clock, this duty being over, I was relieved, and I remained talking to Miles—my relieving officer—until nearly five o'clock. Presently the captain made his appearance from under the poop cabin; we all raised our hats.—With his hands in his breeches' pockets he proceeded by the starboard gangway, round the forecastle, as was his invariable custom at this hour, returned along the larboard side of the quarterdeck, traversed the poop,

and halted once more on the exact spot from which he had set out.

"Who's the officer of the afternoon watch?"

"I, Sir!" answered a lieutenant named Heath.

"Got a knife?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Who's your youngster?"

"Robins and Seymour, Sir, and Arran."

"Got—got—got a knife?" turning to me.

"Say yes," whispered Miles.

"Yes, Sir," I replied.

"Robins! Seymour!" calling the other midshipmen of the watch.

"Sir, Sir," replied they, starting up in various directions.

"Got a knife? Got a knife?"

"Yes, Sir." "Yes, Sir."

"Then follow me, ye dogs."

Wondering what in the name of fortune was to follow this singular address, I brought up the rear of the file now treading in the captain's steps. Knives, thought I, and only the officers of our watch! On what bloody-minded purpose can he

be bent? But it was soon made evident, for having entered his cabin, Seymour, who went before, whispered me to close the door.

"Now, my boys," said Captain Burgos, "out steel!"

In an instant my three companions, with their commander at their head, whipped out of their pockets, each man, a large clasp knife which they opened and grasped with a celerity which somewhat surprised, and I must confess not a little alarmed, me; more especially when after performing this feat themselves, they turned their gaze on me with a meaning which I could not comprehend, until the captain repeated his demand, "got a knife?"

"Yes, Sir," I quickly replied, fumbling at the same time with some confusion in my pocket, and producing at length a small penknife; on observing this, my watchmates fixed their eyes upon the captain's countenance, to take their lead from him, and began to smile; while he bursting into a loud laugh, exclaimed, "Hahah, ha! rather green, boy! But come, come, let's fall to," and hauling

a semicircular table towards a capacious safe in the fore part of the cabin, the little man seated himself very comfortably, and after seeing us ranged around in regular standing order, according to our seniority, unlocked the safe, pulled from its recesses a leg of cold roast pork, and placing it by his side, on the table, said, "Sway away!"

He had no sooner uttered these words, than he seized the devoted joint between the fingers and thumb of his left hand, then using the clasp knife in his right, with great dexterity, quickly carved two large slices himself, and pushed it towards the lieutenant. While this officer was helping himself after a similar fashion, the captain took from the aforesaid safe, the bread-basket and salt cellars, from both of which he helped himself freely, eating the meat meanwhile in a most primitive and digitory manner. After one or two mouthsful, he looked round to the servant who was standing behind, and said, "Steward, wine—water."

This laconic order was the signal for that ser-

vant to place on the table two large decanters of wine and five tumblers, together with some water. Captain Burgos filling one of the glasses half full, pushed the decanters towards us, saying " wine—gentlemen," and then with a slight bow finished his potation. In the meantime my own messmates seemed perfectly *au fait*. They attacked the cold joint with a keenness of knife and appetite, most vivifying to behold, and which by the way might have surprised a stranger, who had seen them dine at twelve o'clock. I on the contrary beheld these aboriginal operations with an air of bewilderment, much better conceived than described. Soon by the course of rotation it came to my turn to help myself. Seeing that I hesitated, the captain who had finished his first modicum, called out in a peculiar tone as he winked his eye to the rest, " Come, come, youngster, help yourself—help yourself—and pass it on—pass it on."

Waving my own wants, I attempted to obey the latter part of the captain's injunction by disobeying the former. Such a proceeding, however, he would not allow: pushing back the dish,

he said, "Come, come, cut away, cut away." This, then, though much confused, I attempted to do with my penknife, but seeing how inadequate this was to its task, Seymour offered me his more appropriate weapon. No—no, he shan't have it—against rules, 'gainst rules, shouted out Captain Burgos, preventing me from availing myself of the kind offer. Reduced to an extremity, and desperate from seeing that I kept the rest of this native party waiting, I made a tremendous lunge and succeeded—but alas, it was only in cutting my finger, and breaking short off in the joint, the frail blade with which I had attempted to carve.

In an instant the tempting viand was abstracted from before my hungry sight, and a loud laugh raised at my expense. This last circumstance was, I confess, a relief to me; who looked for nothing less than a loss of temper on the part of him who thus played the host in so singular a manner. It was not so, however; and in the way that I have described, the meat went round and round among us, passing each time with the most

perfect security my bladeless handle, while its owner cut, to be sure—though his knife did not —but it was as you may suspect, rather a sorry figure.

At length, when scarcely anything remained but the bone, and the others had unanimously declared themselves satisfied with the carnivorous portion of the feast, the captain seemed to relent, and turning to Seymour, said, "Now, boy, lend him a knife.—That is you know when I say lend him a knife, I don't mean anything of the sort. A fellow so green as to come here with a penknife, deserves to have nothing to eat at all; but still ye see lend him something to scrape the bone with, d'ye comprehend?"

"Ay, ay, Sir," replied Seymour, putting his more useful weapon into my hand, while I, having now sufficiently had my cue, lost no time in showing Captain Burgos that I was not more refined than my watchmates.

"Ay, ay," said he winking to Heath, "we'll sharpen him up yet before he gets to the old admiral. Won't come here with a penknife again!

Devilish lucky to get any.—My last pig-stock's all out. That is, you know when I say stock's all out—mean nothing of the sort! because ye see there are my three dogs on board if a fellow were particularly pushed for a fresh joint, why there's my little Flora's only a twelvemonth old, last November—but still, besides these, there's nothing left on board save his Majesty's salt horse—God bless him! The king's health, gentlemen," pushing the bottle towards us, and then after another tumbler half full of wine, "So what have we here?—Some plumb pudding!"

The last mentioned delicacy being duly brought forth, was by the host cut into slices and duly discussed, a small share only being left for me, to contribute to the said sharpening up of my faculties, which my superior seemed so kindly intent on achieving. Cheese succeeded to the pudding, and was followed by another bumper of wine, which completed the repast; after which the little captain gave his waistcoat a convulsive sort of hitch, to bring it more completely in its place as a defence over that region in which so

late and so important an investment had been made. Then with his hands comfortingly crossed and his head slightly, but reverentially bent, he pronounced grace.

Of this I believe, short as it was, no words were ever distinguished more than the last two which were—"had enough." He then gave us a nod, said, "Good evening, gentlemen, thanks for your company," and retired into his after cabin, while we departed as we entered. On regaining the quarter-deck, I found Miles had not yet finished his watch. "Tell me, my good fellow," said I, "surely Captain Burgos must be mad!"

"Not quite," replied my friend, "he is only cracked in general, and simply deranged on some heads in particular; this being one of them. He never dines otherwise than as you see."

"But what can be his motive? Surely not avarice!"

"Most decidedly not; for though evidently a poor man he is never guilty of any of those little

meannesses which so decidedly mark the niggard. He will frequently on first coming to sea, give away to his ship's company a couple of sheep at a time; when otherwise they would have nothing but the ship's allowance of salt meat. It is true he may thus avoid the expenses of a table, kept as is usual with officers of his rank, but if so it is to gratify no propensities of his own, though I rather think the motive may be found in the fact of his having a large family."

"But still, Miles, it is so extravagantly singular!"

"True, but so are all his actions, not another captain in the fleet I suppose would dare to do half the things that he does, and that almost without comment."

"But surely he must be laughed at for this mode of dining! How does he invite brother officers?"

"Not he, he never thinks of such a thing. Any one who chooses to come, he says, is welcome to what he calls 'a Spartan meal.' And faith! he

gave them such a capital proof of this, that he has been seldom plagued since."

"Ah! what was it?"

"Simply this: some time since we were under the orders of Sir —— ———, who having heard of the odd manner in which Burgos dines, laid a bet with his flag captain and some other officers, that he would 'knock a sit-down dinner out of him,' and accordingly at his next grand turn out, the admiral said, 'Burgos, how d'ye like the Briton?'—he'd not been appointed to us very long —'does she work well? Eh? Got her in good order, I dare say! I should like to walk over her, what say you? I'll come aboard to-morrow, and take my dinner with you.'

"'Thank ye, admiral! most happy to have the honour. That is'—muttering in a low tone to himself, 'when I say happy to have the honour—mean nothing of the sort—honour of admiral's dinner-company's a troublesome sort of a thing—but—still—still—ye comprehend me, Sir ——,' in a louder tone, 'nothing will give me greater pleasure.'

"'Well, thank ye, thank ye, Burgos. What hour d'ye sit down?'

"'Oh five, admiral, five punctually, dinner's an awkward thing, you know, Sir ——, to wait for any body.'

"Now, whether the skipper had learnt in the course of the evening, that there was a bet depending on the subject, I know not; but precisely at five on the ensuing day, Sir —— came on board and found Captain Burgos in waiting on the quarter deck. Having received his visiter in due form, the captain started on his usual round, by the gangway, forecastle, waist, quarter deck, and poop.

"'What's this round for, Burgos?' demanded Sir ——, who'd been put up to all the skipper's ways before hand.

"'Always take this little bit of a step out before dinner, Sir ——, to get an appetite. That is when I say an appetite, not at all, not at all, because I never have an appetite, never had one, never could eat a morsel—that is, scarcely any thing to speak of, but still, you compre-

hend, Sir ——, to sharpen one up a little, eh, eh?'

"'Ay, ay,' replied his guest smiling, 'come, come, that's right, Burgos—as for me, thank Heaven, I don't want anything of that sort. I'm confoundedly sharp set already; so now, Burgos, if you're ready, we'll fall to.'

"'Right, Sir ——, right!' said skipper turning towards his cabin and then halting just before he entered.

"'Admiral, got a knife?'

"The sound of this well known question, proved too much for Sir ——'s gravity. Pausing where we stand, he indulged in a hearty fit of laughter and rejoined with much good nature, 'No, by Jove, Burgos, that's a thing I had quite forgotten —I left mine on board the flag ship; so, come, we'll return together and see what they have there.'

"'Ay, ay, Sir ——, with all my heart,' returned Burgos, as completely unconcerned as it is possible to conceive. So they stepped into the admiral's barge, which had been ordered not to shove off,

and dined together in the utmost good humour. Sir ——, after finding that the quiz was against him, had to pay his bet for his pains; while Burgos, on the contrary, has been allowed ever since to eat his dinner as much like a savage as he pleases."

CHAPTER VIII.

For the first few days after the destruction of the unfortunate slaver, the wind continued blowing in the same direction; which was directly in the teeth of our route for returning home. Soon, however, the fates grew more propitious, and the breeze shifted round sufficiently, to admit of our making very decent head-way.

As we approached the shores of old England, and ran up the British Channel, I could not help rejoicing ten thousand times a day on the happy change of destiny which I had experienced, since making its passage down. When at length, however, I found myself fairly landed on Portsmouth Hard, my joy seemed to know no bounds, and I felt a strong inclination to join for very fun in all those riotous outpourings of a merry spirit, of

which I had heard so much on board, and which in truth I now witnessed on every hand around me.

The recent outbreak of the ever-memorable war with revolutionary France, had given to Portsmouth an air of consequence, bustle, and gaiety, which nothing could surpass; it was almost impossible for a light-hearted youngster, with cash in his pocket, to drop ashore and mingle in the general excitement, without feeling its stirring effect upon his spirit, and longing to join in its spell. I did, however, like a very prudent youth, resist every temptation of whatever kind, and going to an hotel made instant inquiry for Fluke's Folly, the seat of one Philip Fluke, Admiral of the Blue, &c., &c., &c.

Being readily informed that the noted residence was at a distance of some fifteen miles from the good town—otherwise called that vile, irregular, ill-built, worse paved, dirty dog-hole, Portsmouth,—I hired something which its owner, I suppose, dignified with the title of po-shay, and prepared to set out. Having, by way of custom, comforted

myself with a slight luncheon against the deleterious cold air of the neighbouring downs, the vehicle destined to convey me, drove to the door, and I stepped in. As I did this, however, I heard the driver call vehemently for some individual who was absent, and whom I naturally imagined to form a necessary part of our equipage. Listening to distinguish the name of the culpable absentee, and looking out to see who should answer to the summons, I heard my son of Nimshi bawling, "Bob—Bob—get up, you varmint, do," —and immediately afterwards a black snub-nosed little dog, actually jumped and scrambled up, unaided, from the ground, and seated himself by the side of his master. On seeing this, I looked with some interest at the latter—a fat fiery faced son of the whip, whose rugged and forbidding features scarcely argued much feeling or affection for anything, and yet out of his scanty earning he could contrive to pinch from himself a sufficiency to support a pet dog; so imperatively does the human heart demand some object on which to put forth its love,

in whatever degree of comparative sterility that passion may exist.

I confess to have been struck by this little trait, and musing on the true touch of human nature which it contained, we drove forward.

In those early days, of which I am "the sad historian," Mac Adam and his improvements had not sprung to light; and what with vile roads, and worse horses, it was not until sun-down that we reached the retreat of the veteran; in which, as in a second *Cumæ*, he had sought that honourable repose which his many hard-fought battles entitled him to take, and dignified him in enjoying.

We had arrived at a turn of the road, where looking over a small valley to the left, the traveller's eye was delighted with an enchanting view,—"There, Sir, that there dark old rumbledy-tumbledy is The Folly: down there, Sir, among the trees," bawled my driver from outside the window, drawing up his crazy chaise, with an admonitory "whey—will 'ee?" addressed to his wretched quadrupeds, with as much apprehensive

authority as though they had been the most fiery and impatient steeds of a whole blood.— "There, Sir," continued Jehu, pointing with his whip, "the ould admiral has pretty well built and planted all this himself, and a brave sort o' thing he says it is, no doubt; but I'm thinking when the old boy's gone, 'twill cost him that comes next as much trouble to pull it down as ever it did, to run it up."

Hearing the residence of my good old friend so much abused, I let down the window to scrutinize it more minutely. The utmost extent of my observations, however, merely announced to me the fact, that the residence in question looked more like a ship than a house. Still, however, be it what it might, the embowering trees, by which it was surrounded, allowed little to be seen, save their own beautiful and varied foliage but lately opened by the breath of spring, while here and there floated a haze of thin blue smoke, giving at one touch, both life and distance to the view.

The sun setting on my left, lent all its splen-

dour to the scene before me, and no sound, save the full parting song of the thrush, the soft lowing of the cattle, or the distant baying of the house-dog, broke upon the stillness of the hour.

A break in the rough thorny hedge presented to view the elegant and graceful lines of a rich sloping pasturage, which stretched away to the very bottom of the valley, a line of darker and more luxurious verdure marking the unobtrusive course of a little streamlet, from which a few sheep were quenching their thirst, ere it purled unheard away. Near to the road some half a dozen Jersey cows, basking in the declining sun, chewed their cud, while two or three of the sagacious denizens of a neighbouring rookery, gathered the evening meal for their callow progeny.

The last fact, you will understand me, I took upon presumptive evidence; for as the birds in question were good, wholesome, English-looking rooks, I see no reason to doubt that they were duly mindful, as every body should be, of their family.—Be that as it may—after my recent

emancipation from all the bustle of a ship, I felt that in the delicious silence of that spot there was a solemn and a touching eloquence, which nature only can breathe forth; and despite of the disparagement of my guide, I could not but confess the "laudo tamen" of the Roman satirist to be the language of my heart.

Many a delightful ramble, thought I, and many a happy hour shall be mine amid these sweet groves—by the by, though, I shall be late for the admiral's dinner if I don't drive on;—so with this last reflection, I ordered Bob's friend and patron, master and benefactor, to put his nags to a pace as near a gallop as broken knees and springhalt permitted; for after four or five hours' fasting—truly, I say, a beef-steak—eh!—Give me sentiment—but let it be after dinner.——

After a renewal of our drive for some few minutes, we again drew up before what I supposed to be the entrance gates; on the pillars of which, a brief resting time enable me to descry two objects, which looked very much like the figure-heads of broken up men of war. Before,

however, any one could alight to pull the bells, the portals swung wide for our passage. Actually, at first, I had a vague impression that I must be entering Greenwich hospital, since on each side stood an old veteran, minus a leg—their hands raised to their hats in honour of the passing visiter.

Popping my head out of the window, to take another look at these two janitors, I found that they had closed the gates and retired; showing that however they had been maimed in the service of their country, they had not by their present master been allowed to forget the smartness of a man of war.

Our course now lay through a noble avenue of limes, bringing us down by a circuitous route to the Folly, which, completely encircled by wood of no tiny growth, soon hove in sight. If the remarks of my driver had before raised my curiosity, the pile that presented itself was not at all calculated to allay such a feeling.

Of all the strangest whims which ever dictated the form and ornament of a residence, that which

moulded and adorned the pile before me must certainly have been the most odd. It consisted of a low but capacious conglomeration of buildings containing three stories; the front of which was made as closely as possible to resemble so much of the stern of a first rate as consisted of the three upper decks. The windows of the ground floor appeared, therefore, like the ward-room; those of the first floor, with its projected wooden balcony, passing, I supposed, for the admiral's cabin and stern gallery, and the ones above being, as I rightly conjectured, reserved to the proper occupancy of the captain, whoever he might be.

Further than this, I had no time to observe; for as the post-chaise drew up, the door was opened by a tall weather-beaten military-looking personage, whose every movement seemed dictated by some internal clock-work, and who was dressed in a plain suit of mourning; with powdered hair, and a vast profusion of cambric frill.

"Is Admiral Fluke at home?" I enquired.

"The admiral, Sir," replied this living auto-

maton, raising his hand to his hat, and saluting me with all the formality of a soldier, " is now taking his four to six nap."

" Hem!—that's rather awkward!"

" Will you favour me with your name, Sir?"

" Arran."

My inquirer looked at me for some moments with surprise—I could see the tremor of excited feeling creep over the whole of his erect body. For a brief space it struggled with the usually unmoved rigidity of his features, and then formality giving way to affection, a tear actually sprang into the starched warrior's eye, while as his hand made an involuntary movement to clasp mine, he exclaimed, " God be praised!—is it you, my dear young master? a thousand blessings on your head —you, whom I have dandled on my knee!—I knew you couldn't be drowned!—God bless your lordship!—Why, the admiral—didn't I say that you'd turn up yet?—The admiral"—scrubbing his cheek with the cuff of his sleeve—" not dead! and we in mourning!—the admiral—not drowned after all!—why the admiral 'll go out of his senses

for joy—Huzza" waving his arm above his head with a suppressed shout and dancing about as though he had gone mad. "We'll have a salute now if ever we fired one—God bless your lordship—a reg'lar future joy.—Cooper!—Saunders! my old blazers!—get your guns ready—come back alive and well—one and twenty guns, my boys.—The admiral—a reg'lar royal salvo!"—and the individual whom my appearance had excited to this frenzy of delight, jumped and capered about me as if he had been dancing on hot iron; snapping his fingers and clapping his sides the while, till I feared that he actually had experienced from my appearance the disaster which he prophesied to his master the admiral.

I, in the meanwhile, was far from being unconcerned at so great a demonstration of gladness on my account, and the witnessing of such extreme emotion in one whom I necessarily concluded to be my friend, made me almost as silly myself.—Even the chaise driver was not without participating in the scene, for hearing that my arrival was to be the signal of unexpected festivity,

thought it would be as well that he and his cattle should partake in the forthcoming hilarity.

He therefore advanced to the chief actor, while he was still frisking his arms aloft, thinking, I suppose, that he, in the fulness of his heart, would grant any demands.—His prayer, however, was only replied to by a reckless but not ill natured—"Out of the way, you old fool!" and this answer being accompanied by a random shove laid the bulky form of the petitioner upon the ground. Unheeding such a trivial accident, my welcomer continued to wave one arm on high, and seizing with the other, the hand which he had before relinquished, he literally dragged me forward, exclaiming in tones of ecstasy and triumph, "Come along, my lord!—this way. The admiral—not dead!—not drowned!—the admiral!" Remembering, however, that the latter—if this obstreperous jollity had not aroused him,—was still in his four to six nap, I thought that such a confusion of sounds and sentiments was a most ill assorted reveillé for an aged valetudinarian, and therefore arrested the progress of my new conductor by

demanding if the admiral were awake, and suggesting that if he were not, he had better be awoke gently, and informed of my coming, since from all appearances they seemed to be labouring under a most delusive impression of my death.

Before however I could obtain an answer, I heard a fine strong old voice, demanding, " Corporal!—Corporal!—you Mister Corporal Royal! —What's the meaning of all this hubbub?—d'ye take it for pay day?—that ye're making row enough to wake old Beelzebub!—much less "—here a fit of irritable coughing succeeded—" ugh, ugh, ugh! a poor battered old admiral."

" Oh, Sir! Oh, Sir!—here 's good news, Sir!—Can ye bear it!" joyfully demanded the corporal and secretary, suddenly letting my hand drop, and rushing into the room from whence the voice proceeded.

" Bear it, you old fool? you good for nothing old horse—Bear it? bear what?—one would think you'd got a pig of ballast to capsize upon my back!—bear it!—Egad! it's enough to bear you; you disrespectful scoundrel—pouncing in here as

if I were the keeper of a ballem rankem hop at the Jolly Sailor! Shut the door, Sir!—and bring to quietly—and let us know what's up now?"

"Up, Sir, why, bless his heart!—why, here 's the Count come!—the Count's come!—I said he wasn't drowned!"

"The Count!" repeated the admiral after a pause, in a tone totally different, "God indeed be praised for that!" slightly clasping his hands as he sat by the fire in his easy chair.—"Where is the poor boy, corporal? Go and give him my love, and bring him here."

"Bring him here, Sir?—why here he is already, Sir, and stands before you as slim and proper a young master as I'd wish to have. Here 's his hand, Sir," placing mine in that of the veteran, into whose presence I had walked unheard; and who I now, with sorrow, perceived to be totally blind.

Affected by the evident thankfulness with which he received the news of my safety, I could only press the hand of my benefactor, which still trembled in mine, as after a second pause he said,

"Thought we'd lost ye, my dear boy—but better, you know, to have ye late than never! Heaven's blessing and a hearty welcome to you—if my being happy to get ye goes any way towards it. I must'nt say — — — to—to see ye, for it's pleased God that my seeing days should be over; but if ye speak loud I can hear ye yet—enough to say your voice is your father's, boy, all over.—Stand here by my side, and let me put my hand upon your head and feel how tall you are.—Ay, ay, that 'll do; we'll make a man of you in time, you know.—But sit down, my boy; sit down.—Corporal, a chair—and tell me what's happened to ye, and what's been the matter—'fraid ye've had bad weather of it—winds have been hard in the north-west lately.—Hope ye haven't been cast away. That north sea is a sneezer sometimes.—Once, when I was a younger man in the George—Corporal Royal, away out there and hoist the Union to the mast head again.—We'd struck it half mast for you, Charles, till we heard something of ye, seeing you were missing; for we thought something must have happened to prevent your making

your number.—But thank God once more, that's over!—And corporal, away down there on the main deck battery, and tell Saunders and his gunners to fire a salute."

"I've ordered that already, Sir," replied the corporal, who had in some degree recovered his usual manner, saluting his forehead to his blind commander, and then departing by a French window, opening on a lawn without.

"And Corporal—Corporal Royal!"

"Sir."

"Send some one to see about dinner. You're a young boy, ye see, Charles," turning to me, "and I'm an old boy; that's all the difference between us; so my dinner-hour now is four o'clock, but we'll soon have something going for ye. Hey, there—and corporal, let me have my jolly-boat alongside.—Charles, my boy, your arm —ye see I'm obliged to put up with a jolly-boat now, though the time was, when I used to have to lick the French, that I could sport an admiral's barge. But I'm on half pay—now—admiral of the yellow squadron I suppose they call me!—

Obliged to put up with any thing, we poor old boys, and leave the licking of the French to such young fellows as you!—However, you know, between ourselves I can sport a barge occasionally yet—prize money, boy!—prize money! eh, eh?—no thanks to any one and be—ugh! uh! ugh! uh! —Mustn't swear now, Charley—old fellow—have the parson at me. Hey, there, corporal, you Mister Corporal I say; confound ye, Sir, why don't ye attend.--Let me have my fore and aft scraper—and see if you can't move those drumsticks of yours a little quicker—you've been swallowing the ramrod again lately. A ramrod, you know, Charley, and a little pipe clay, and we can make a soldier at any time—ha, ha, ha! Gad, boy, we'll put ye up to all these things!" and ever and anon, amid the half petulant, half playful remarks of the admiral, he gave me an occasional nudge of the elbow, equivalent, I suppose, to that which would in former days have been expressed by the marked play of features, or the significant movement of the eyelid.

"Put him up, admiral?" replied the corporal, "I

don't doubt your excellence will be ready enough to put my young master up to any illiberal prejudishes against an honourable profession; but you should remember, Admiral Fluke, that the son of a brave soldier is not very likely to imbibe all the abuse of our cloth which he hears, even though he may happen to wear his Majesty's naval uniform without your excellency seeing it."

"Ay, ay!" returned the veteran, without noticing the last allusion to his blindness, and nudging me as he enjoyed his quiet laugh in reply to this retort of the corporal. "Ay, ay! talk of the ramrod, and off he goes! Like an old musket at half-cock. The corporal, Charley, has a front of brass, can't wound him, can't come near him there!—But touch him in the flank, boy, and he's up directly!—Ha, ha, ha! But never mind, corporal—what is this, my hat? Why, thank ye! Never mind, Royal, my old boy, never mind!—You're a fine fellow yet, corporal.—At least so you'd have me know, corporal, eh?—Ha, ha!—Well, well, come, is the jolly-boat ready?"

"Ay, ay, Sir, ready—ready ten minutes ago,"

and the Corporal, whose momentary ruffling had not yet subsided, impatiently adjusted the cushions of a Bath chair outside the window, to which the Admiral desired me to lead him, saying, as he seated himself, "there, boy, this is what I call my jolly-boat—so give me the helm," taking the director in his hand, "walk you alongside, Charles. —Now give way, Dickson." This last order, being addressed to the man who pushed from behind, he put the Admiral's jolly-boat in motion, and on we went.

"Now, my boy, look around ye; when my old eyes used to be in the habit of doing duty, we called this the quarter-deck.—I tell the lazy dogs about me to keep it up after the same fashion.— They say they do, but when an old boy grows blind any one may come over him.—It's just as they please, I suppose they think—but if you've been aboard a man-of-war you can tell whether it's like what it ought to be. I used to be fond of flowers and gardening; I have a little bit of love left for them yet, and in my day I took good care that the place should be in tight order."

"And so it remains, Sir, I can assure you," I replied, as I surveyed, with surprise, the curious result of the admiral's extreme attachment to the wooden walls of old England.

We stood upon a long oval grass plat, shaped exactly like the upper deck of a line-of-battle ship, the bulwarks of which consisted of a very close thick set hedge of privet, clipped with the most minute care. It was so contrived, that even port-holes were cut in it, and a battery of carronades ranged along, which the interest of the admiral had procured from the neighbouring dock-yard; they having been condemned as unfit for service, owing to various faults in the founding, at a time when the recent invention of the gun had not allowed it to arrive at the perfection it soon acquired.

In the centre of this space stood the capstan, cut out of a tree of box, which shrub appeared also in various other places, the booms and boats being fashioned out of evergreens of larger growth. In the centre was rigged a very handsome flag staff, bearing the Union Jack, half mast high, for

my decease, and which the corporal prepared to hoist to its more fitting station, as soon as the first gun of the salute should be fired to signify my recently discovered existence. Behind us, the windows of the room we had left, projected in such a manner, and were so painted and arranged that they bore every resemblance to a poop cabin, and as I looked around, I could almost fancy myself on board the Briton, with the exception, by the by, of the grass beneath my feet, and the trees growing without the sacred precincts of the quarter-deck.—"Surely, Sir," said I, on seeing how complete was this fanciful resemblance, "this deck is too perfect in its proportions to be the result of guess work—it must have been measured."

"Ay, to be sure, boy! every inch of it! This deck stands just as you see it, or rather, I should say, used to stand, when I could see to it;—well, no matter! This deck is the very model, inch for inch, with the quarter-deck of H.M.S. Tiger, which I had the honour of commanding for seven years. I took six-and-thirty prizes in her, large and small; and, by God's assistance, taught the

French to feel her old metal at the ever glorious battle of November, fifty-nine—Conflan's affair, you know, boy, in Quiberon Bay, under my gallant old friend and commander, Ned Hawke. Ah!" he added, with a sigh for their departure, "those were the times!—Your uncle, boy, was one of us that very day—poor fellow! Come, corporal—if you 're ready—tell those lads to fire away, and hoist that jack! The air, too, feels chiller than it did, the sun's disk must be pretty well below the horizon. Strike that union after it 's been hoisted twenty minutes, and send up my night flag once more. Since you're not lost, boy, we 've still a child for our old age, and thank God for it! When they told me you too were gone, I made them strike my little bit of bunting, as I thought for ever.—'Twas time an old fellow like me should look to being put out of commission, when tight young craft, just off the stocks, had foundered in a first trip to sea. But come," he said, extending his hand and clasping mine—after the salute had been fired, "there 's twenty-one guns for ye, you dog, more than you 've a right to

by a precious deal—unless it is for King Charley's royal blood, as my poor friend the colonel would have said;—ah! if we live long, we must bear to lose old friends when we least expect it. And now, tell me, what has kept ye away, give me the ship's log of the whole of it, and we'll take a cruise the while. Dickson, shove off; and give way right down to the southward, out of the shade, we'll find the air warmer there. Now, boy, give me the whole of your proceedings since you wrote me that last letter from the old ship at Leith, till your making your number here at the Folly—for so my devilish good-natured friends have seen fit to call the place—confound their impudence, say I! as if an old fellow couldn't rig out his own quarters in as ship-shape a fashion as he liked, without asking the opinion of every old Tabby in the neighbourhood, or being subjected to their impertinence for neglecting to do so. Happy enough some of them would have been, I dare say, to have got a berth on board, eh, corporal?—Catch a weasel asleep!—I took care none

of them should get their feet under my mahogany for good!—never do, eh, corporal?"

"No, Sir, that fish wouldn't bite!" replied the corporal, with a knowing look, as if he took some part of the credit of that to himself, and then with a sly nod, as if not quite forgetting or forgiving his officer's taunts about the ramrod—"Unless, mayhap, your Excellence, it should a been one tight little craft that you and I know of—that might a laid alongside and welcome, I think, if she would, but——"

"Hold your tongue, sirrah!" interrupted the Admiral, in a loud and angry tone, as his features suddenly grew pale, and assumed a sterner expression than I had thought possible. The startled corporal was quiet in an instant. "Come, Sir! make sail a-head, and see you get the green gate open leading to the middle pond." The corporal silently made off, while we continued to move on as before.

"Come," returned my friend, after a few minutes—"Now, Charles, since that letter——"

"Yes, Sir, I heard you mention a letter, but I wrote you none from Leith."

"Pooh, pooh, youngster! Yes, you did,"—pettishly—"from the old ship! Don't you recollect?"

"No, Sir; I——"

"Tut, tut, boy—and I sent you in reply the—the——"

"The what, Sir?"

"Why the—the—the letter on business, in short."

"Business, Sir! What business? The invitation to come and see you?"

"No, no; hang it, Lad, how dull you are!—I mean the letter after that, containing the remittance."

"Remittance!—I have received no remittance!"

"Why, boy! how 's this? I have your answer, acknowledging the receipt of five hundred pounds, which you said you wanted to get off."

"Gracious Powers! then it must be a forgery;

for I know nothing of the remittance or the receipt of it!"

"Ha! is it so?—Where's the corporal?" This functionary having made his appearance, and brought from the house the letters in question, I found, to my consternation and dismay, that my hand had been forged, and that with no slight dexterity, and thus had been obtained the sum which the admiral had named. As to who might be the perpetrator, not a doubt remained upon my mind that it could alone have been the captain of the smack: and having acquainted the admiral with the disastrous circumstances which had followed my quitting Leith, he confirmed me in my opinion; though as to the exact manner in which the fraud had been contrived it was impossible for us at present to say.

In order that we might lose no time in ascertaining if our suspicions were correct, we returned forthwith to the house, that I might by the night's post write off to Edinburgh, for such intelligence as might lead to the detection of the offender.

The recovery of the money I feared was hopeless.

On this point, however, nothing could be kinder than the conduct of the admiral. The mere pecuniary loss attendant on this summing up of all my misfortunes, appeared not to weigh in his mind for an instant.—" As for the money, boy," said he, " more yet where that came from, so never trouble your head about that, content enough to think you cheap at that sum; and as Mr. Corporal there should have looked to the letters a little more closely, we must fine in his extra quid of tobacco till the deficit 's made good. Touching your paying me the sum, boy, and standing the loss from your own little fortune, say another word on that score, and I 'll have ye tied up to the gunner's daughter, you dog, and give you three dozen. 'Twas partly my fault for listening to such a cock and bull story, now I come to think the matter coolly over; but I held it would be a niggardly fashion of accommodating a young friend, to ask beforehand what he was going about. However, boy, we must all buy our experience; and if

yours may have cost you a trifle dearer than other people's, still ye see you might have been worse off. You 've lived, however, to see one set of villains punished, and I hope yet we may catch the worst, because the most cunning of the rogues. I 'm sure I 'm deeply obliged to Captain Burgos—odd sort of fish as he is; and as for this fellow you mention, this Will Watch, he 's a true chip of the old block. Corporal Royal—by the by—my compliments to Captain Burgos, happy to see him here to-morrow to dinner. Spare cot, say, and the longer he stays we 'll be the better pleased; —ask him to bring out this lad, Will Watch, with him—I must have a mess of chat with the youngster."

"Ay, ay, Sir."

"And send back the note by that post-chaise which I heard drawing up in the yard. Now Charles, my boy, I hear the glasses ringing on the stairs—true midshipman, I suppose, you 're ready for your dinner, half a dozen times a day, eh? Right, boy, right!"

The meal having made its appearance, fully

warranted all those fond anticipations which on my road had so hurried me from my fond musings on the sublime and beautiful of the admiral's little domain.

"Charles, my boy!—I'll take a friendly glass with you, and drink a welcome to your new home —Phil Fluke's folly, I suppose we must call it.— You'll always find bachelor's fare here,—plenty of freedom and freedom to plenty;—there are many pleasant follies though in a bachelor's life, you know, boy, eh? and I hope you'll always find this one of them, eh, Charles? Good wine this, what say ye, boy?—the only good thing I could ever knock out of a Frenchman."—And no one was a better judge than the admiral, I soon found. "Ah, well! I can't see it sparkling up as I once did; but no matter! it cheers my old heart sometimes, when it's dull and heavy, and I sit here thinking of the right good souls I've known and parted company with; and many's the merry joke I think I hear again from old friends and messmates long ago moored head and stern. I

often say to myself, that if 'twasn't for feeling now and then a drop of my mammy's milk twinkling in my old eyes, I shouldn't know what they were left me for. However, boy, d'ye see, though death is our vocation, Hal, we all like to have as long a lease as we can, and if we do contrive to hang out, why 'tis part o' the price of our commissions to find we've lived beyond the recollection of some friends and the existence of others; —though I think there are some quarters in which Phil Fluke deserves to have been better remembered.—Dogs of office!—they'll take the advantage of your brains as long as ye'll let them—crack the nut and take the kernel—keeping the shell yourself, mind ye, boy, for your pains—ah, ah! But however, the wine 's good wine for all that; and no thanks to them, and be—ugh uh—ugh uh—mustn't swear, boy! Well, well! the service has benefited by my inventions, if the inventor hasn't; and some dark night, when I 'm dead and gone and its blowing marlingspikes and great guns, and may be you 're off a lee shore,

boy, with a rocky bottom, you 'll have cause, mayhap, to think of Phil Fluke when ye least expect it!"

"Ah, Sir! and long and very often before that, I hope; for though the public boards have done you injustice, your brother officers afloat have made you ample reparation by their esteem, which, as coming from men of practical experience, must be the best, if not the only, test of merit."

"Ay, ay, likely enough, boy: they know the trouble of inventing and bringing improvements to perfection; ay, and what's more, in getting them adopted. Why, there was my s—— k——, they all find tongue enough to praise it now.—I might have gone down on my knees, to get the fellows to adopt it, ay, boy, and knelt till I was black in the face, if I hadn't possessed a little interest. The same with a hundred other things.—Another glass of wine, boy. Ah! I 've seen some queer things in the service in my day, and I 've often been pressed to write a little sort of—you understand, boy!"—and the admiral, as the generous wine warmed him in the pursuit of a fa-

vourite topic, gave me the accustomed nudge. "In short, boy," laying his arm on mine, "in short, to—to—to—"

"To write your life, Sir."

"Exactly, Charles: ay, ay, they often tell me it would make a good sort of a kind of book, d' ye see; and if I don't do it, boy, it's from no disrespect of my friends: for I think, if an old officer can advance the interests of his profession, by any little memoirs, he 's bound—d' ye mark me, boy? —he 's bound, I say, to sacrifice any little feelings of delicacy which he might entertain on the subject. But ah, ah! ah, ah! I doubt that I am quite equal to the sort of thing myself. My health, boy—it isn't what it used to be, and I 've lost my sight, ye see; and though I might dictate well enough, and in truth without any serious discomfort, d' ye see?—and though Royal—honest Joe is a true chip—yet—yet, d' ye mark me, boy, —a corporal—it—it wouldn't do; an undertaking of this sort—the—the character of the service—the—the—the accuracy which a great nation has a right to expect from—from a flag officer to

whom chance or good fortune—call it what you will, boy—has given the occupancy of a prominent station in the eye of the world.—No, it would not do, Sir!—an undertaking of this importance, and circumstances such as these, I repeat, demand a far different medium from—from a —a—corporal—of—of marines."

As the good old officer brought out this last sentence—this lame and impotent conclusion, I could scarcely restrain my laughter; but, seeing that it was a subject that weighed on his mind, I replied, "Surely, Sir, some one more fitted for such a trust might easily be found, to embrace with avidity the task of becoming the biographer of Admiral Fluke."

"Why, ay, boy, that's true enough, there are many sea-lawyers about me, ready and willing enough to catch at such a chance, like sharks at a double piece of pork. But it wouldn't do, Sir, to compromise the records of my profession—my country—my fame, in short, everything that is dear to me, by relying on one with whose character I was not fully acquainted, any more than

it would be safe to trust to the good grammar and spelling of Corporal Royal. I once had a hope, to be sure, that I had found one equal, as far as any individual might be, to do all honour and justice to a subject of so—so—hem!—so much consideration, even though it might not be in my lifetime, d'ye see, boy?—but, God's will be done, that hope, like many others, is all over!" A pause ensued. "'Twas to your father, boy, I meant to have thus proved my attachment; 'twas to him I had left all my papers—so arranged, indeed, that all trouble on that score at least would have been saved him; and he, you know, might have done justice to them if any one could, for he had already acquired literary celebrity as the historian of the last years of ——. Ay, ay! the father, I doubt not, would have done it well, my boy; but who can tell, if I live long enough, and things go on smoothly, why not the son?"

"Oh, Sir, I only wish that I may deserve that you should think so."—"Well,—well, boy, take courage, you can't rig a ship on the first day of hoisting the pennant, you only commission her.

—You're a young lad yet, d'ye see, and you must fag as some one did who's not far from ye, and get hold of all the ins and outs that a sailor should be master of. I'm sure the count never neglected any part of your education. I'll see that ye take a good library enough to sea with ye; and I dare say make interest to let the books be kept in the captain's cabin, so that every mischievous ape of a youngster mayn't be able to tear a leaf out whenever he wants to wrap up a pennyworth o' barley sugar. Then off duty, Charles, ye must read hard, and to keep up good habits you shall write me a dispatch every month, or keep a journal, as to all that goes on aboard.—Hark!—boy, how many bells go there?—Why, can that be ten o'clock?—Listening to you, younker, I haven't noted time and his scythe!—I wonder what the fellows who made him, were about, to give a poor old fellow at his time of life, such a lubberly weapon to carry on the war with; they might have known that such a rascally bit of crooked iron was never used by any but the savages of ancient Britain, and even they were

obliged to lash them to their carriage wheels to get a horse's purchase on them, and get the things properly under weigh. But ring the bell, boy, and if you've done with the tea things get the wreck cleared away, for it's time I should get under weigh myself, and since you'll take no more wine the decanters may go too, or I shall be hauled over the coals as usual by master Corporal Royal—Joe Royal—my most loyal Corporal Royal as I call him.—The fellow, as you perceive, carries his top hamper a little too lightly occasionally, but I must trim him,—trim him, Sir, and get his main tacks well on board, though I should spring his main yard for him;—then keep him under a stiff breeze, and he goes well enough.—The old horse! has a bad habit too of shamming deaf. I should be troubled, I take it, to knock that out of him, and he's a little bit conceited, may be, but that's my fault, for I've petted the old scoundrel, and he was a mighty favourite, by the way, as he'll tell you, of a gallant dashing officer, who, had he lived, poor fellow, would have proved a kind and useful uncle t' ye boy, but he'll tell you all about

that the first time he gets fairly hold of ye, and—and he has one or two other oddities, but it won't do in this world to be over harsh on one another's failings, or to speak ill of the ship that's borne your flag; and, take him as he stands for hull and rigging, speed and stowage, he's a good fine honest hearted fellow is Joe Royal, deny it who may.—He's too old a servant not to be an esteemed one! but talk of the devil and he's sure"—added the admiral as he heard the stately and measured step of his factotum outside the door.

A good-tempered respectable looking female followed the corporal into the room, whom I rightly conjectured to be that important personage, the housekeeper of the Folly; one of the favoured few of the softer sex allowed to reside within the sacred and monastic precincts—in short, Mrs. Joseph Royal, wife of the all-potential corporal and secretary. Behind this good lady came Dickson, bearing the veteran's evening meal, for he never partook of tea, which he most illiberally pronounced, like many other mistaken persons, to be "a wish wash only fit for young boys and old women."

"Good evening, t'ye, admiral, good evening, Sir, and may I make so bold as to ask how ye feel yourself to night?" said Mrs. Royal, with as profound a curtsey as if the object of her attention were still able to perceive the scrupulous deference thus paid to him.

"Ah, Peggy," he returned, holding out his hand, "is that you!—Hey there, Corporal! Dickson!—one of you give Mrs. Royal a chair."

"My humble thanks, admiral, many thanks to ye, Sir,—I have one here," and seating herself near both of us, she entered into a long inquiry into all those little complainings which, whether our years be in the sere or budding leaf, we naturally love to pour into the ear of one whom nature has kindly given to us for the sweetest purposes of consolation.

"Well, admiral, how do you like your arrow-root to-night?" demanded his housekeeper, after duly dwelling on the other ordinary topics.

"Very much, Peggy, very much,—good as it was the first day I had it sent to me,—ye see, boy," turning towards me, "there are a few good souls alive and going yet, who can call to mind

that there is such an old fellow ashore, as Phil Fluke; though he is among the lame, the halt, and the blind;—why here's this arrow-root,—you shall have a little of it if ye like,—the very best flavoured arrow-root that I ever tasted: my old friend commodore R—— sent it to me from Jamaica.—How many years ago was it, Peggy?"

"Four years come Midsummer, admiral."

"Ay, ay, right, Peggy!—four years ago; a large barrel-ful it was. More, boy, than an old fellow like me, can ever live to get through;—lasted me ever since!—without doubt the very best I ever tasted!"

"Poor old gentleman!" said Peggy, smiling at her master as she whispered in my ear "Lor bless you, Sir!—the arrow-root he talks of has been all used and out for these last two years and more, but I make him up some nice flour-milk, and he never knows the difference! Good old gentleman!—just mind his little ways and whims and oddities, and there's no one better pleased; ay or sooner."

"Yes," continued the admiral, muttering to him-

self, as with much relish he finished the last spoonful, "the best, decidedly, the very best!—I hope, Peggy, there's plenty more of this below."

"Dear me, yes, Sir,—plenty,—only hope you'll live to enjoy it all; ay, and eat more too."

"Ah!—can't hope for that, Peggy! Can't hope for that! but still don't let it be wasted—waste not, want not, you know—good proverb and true, eh Peggy?—So now, Charley boy, you must excuse an old fellow's early hours in bringing to in his proper berth for the night.—You'll be able to get every thing you want, dare say. So good night t' ye."

"Stay, Sir, let me give you an arm up stairs to your room."

"Why, thank ye, thank ye, boy;" accepting my proffered assistance, "'tis n't always that I have a younker about me to think of these matters, though I once thought I might have had some of my own.—Well, well, no matter!—less fuss at parting may be;—and Charley, boy, we must think o' that said book for ye,—'t would be a fine thing, Sir, for a young seaman,—'t would—'t would

be a noble introduction to your brother officers to the notice of your country.—Body o' me, Sir!—such a memorial would be a sort of letter of credit, d'ye mark me, boy, on the distinction of the world!—So, so, here we are at my cabin door —I won't plague ye any further, youngster,—so once more, good night, and by, by, lad!—Yes, yes,"—still shaking me warmly and thoughtfully by the hand as he lingered on the threshold of his chamber, by the bright fire of which a large easy chair was awaiting his reception;—" Yes, yes, we must think o' that for ye.—Gad, boy, 'twill be the making of ye!—Gad, Sir, the very fortune of ye, —by, by!"

Being thus dismissed for the night by my worthy friend, I turned about to Corporal Royal to enquire for my own room, but was assured that I should in vain try to find a bed by myself, and that being the case, I was to wait below until he,—said Joe Royal,—" should have put his master to bed;" when he would attend on me. Accordingly, in the course of half an hour, the secretary made his appearance, and with his usual

salute announced himself ready to conduct me to my room.

Here, as in every other department of the "Folly," every want was studied, and every comfort provided; and after the privation I had so recently undergone on shipboard, it was with no slight zest that I returned to all the luxuries of a home. Flinging myself into a chair similar to that which had looked so enticing in the admiral's "cabin," I amused myself by burning my shoes on the toes, till such time as Joe, having sufficiently bustled about and got every thing ready, should come and divest me of those clothes, with the disrobing of which I saw no reason to trouble myself.

Too well I knew, that I must soon quit my present quarters for the rough abode of a ship, where I might as soon think of flying as indulging in such indolence.

"By the by, corporal," said I, while he busied himself in my behalf as naturally as if he had known my wishes,—"I think you once served with an uncle of mine, did you not?"

"Did I not?" replied Joe, suddenly desisting from the unbuckling of my shoe, and gazing in my face with one of his most stately looks,—"Served with him, Sir?—ay! for many a long day, and queerer service I've seen under him, than ever I'll see again; ay, Sir, or you either, though you live twenty lives out.—Wasn't I with him in the celebrated action of * * *? not the one master was talking of, Sir,—long after that,—the one when Admiral * * was put under arrest;"—and Joe put his finger to his nose in a manner which he meant to look particularly solemn, but which truly proved how nearly the sublime and the ridiculous can be allied.

"Ah, Joe! tell me how that happened; come, let me have all the particulars!"—but the secretary had caught a glimpse of the smile that his significant action had called up on my cheek, and pretended not to hear what I said, or rather to hear that which he well knew I had never uttered.

"Well, well, if you don't wish to hear it, Sir,

it don't signify; though may be it concerns you a little nearer than you may imagine."

"But, Joe, I do wish to hear all about it."

"No, no, Sir, as you say I won't force it upon ye."

"But Royal, come, my good fellow."

"Oh, I won't force it on ye."

"But, pooh!—you surely don't believe such an extravagant story yourself,"—determined to get it out of him,—"it's quite out of the question —quite improbable,—I may say impossible for a—"

"Quite impossible, my Lord! Don't believe it!—Your Lordship may believe it or not, just as you please, but I, Corporal Royal, that am a corporal now, and was a corporal then, had the admiral under my charge as prisoner, and what's more, my Lord, I've never had the heart to be made a sergeant since, though I might a got the stripes,—ay, or the colours to boot for the matter o' that, scores o' times,—for I've had kind friends too in my time, and your uncle,

Master Charles, was the first and best of them.—God forgive you for ever doubting me!"

"Nay, now Joe, I only thought—"

"Well, may be, my Lord, you did; but if-so-be you think I'm 'bellishing a little, as the admiral says, only you ask him to-morrow, and though 'tis a subject he never likes to talk on, he can't deny a word, for he had the whole on't over and over again from Captain P——, who was serving aboard as lieutenant at the time.—But one thing ye see, the admiral's a little tender, and may be he thinks 'twas going a little bit too far.—Well, well!—one man pulls the bough down, and another plucks the apples!

"I've often thought 'twas something for a corporal to boast of; and, as I said, after that I never could have the heart to be made a sergeant. I knew well enough, Sir, there wasn't, perhaps, another man in the ship that might have been trusted, though my prisoner, as I used to call him, never turned out very grateful to me, as you may say, for taking such good care of him! As for your uncle, Sir, I owe him more

than ever I'll be able to pay to any of ye, Master Charles; for if ever he saved an innocent lad from going round the fleet, he saved me, Sir, once, at Spithead; where—God make me thankful for it—he was one of the court martial. Ah! Sir, I often think a bit o' chipped marble is a poor sort o' reward for forty years' service."

"Why, yes! after all, Joe, I think the king's service is not very encouraging."

"No, Sir, hard enough! and yet ye seem to like it. Why, there's six or seven of ye to my knowledge, first and last, have lived and died in it as ye may say. Some in action, some drowned, some here, some there, some in one way, some in another, and if ye live long enough, Master Charles, why not you—and then, mayhap, though poor old Joe mayn't live to see it, the—"

"Oh, defend me, Joe! You're killing me off before my time; and to tell you the truth—most royal Joe Royal!—I am so desperately sleepy, that all the glory in the world, will not tempt me to die, until I have had a good snooze to night—that's to say, if I can help it—so if you've burnt a

sufficiently large hole in that bed, with the warming pan, I'll take refuge therein, till such time as you see fit to call me to-morrow, and so, good night, Mr Joe."

"Good night, Master Charles! you shall be called early enough.—I'll just take these traps away to get them a bit of a brush, and so God bless your lordship."

"Stay, Joe—that word reminds me.—In future, remember, Royal, I am neither count nor lord—I must adapt myself to my fallen fortunes; and henceforth, Joe, when you are extolling my virtues, and enumerating my possessions, I fear that you must confine yourself to the brief catalogue of a fair name, a good sword, and a small, small competence!—Now bear this in mind, in future, that's a good fellow; since the mention of empty words, only carries with it a sense of present mockery, and the remembrance of past misfortune.—I intended to have mentioned this, by the way, to the admiral to-day; but must not forget it to-morrow."

On hearing this request—than which, I suppose,

nothing could have been more harrowing to the dignity of Joe Royal—he poured forth upon my drowsy ear a long and laboured harangue, in which "my uncle," "my ancestors," "the family," "the service," "admiral," and "Sir," all combined, with a united force, to drive me far into the land of dreams, from which I was only aroused by the loud knocking of my temporary valet next morning.

CHAPTER IX.

HAVING succeeded in awaking, at the summons of honest Joe, I heard him go on to the cabin of the admiral, which was adjoining.

Tap, tap—no answer.—*Tap, tap, tap*—still no reply.—*Bang, bang, bang.*

"Eh!—eh!"

Bang, bang, bang, bang.—"Eight o'clock, admiral!"

"Eh?—Eh?—Ah, very well!"

"Weather moderate, with fine breezes, admiral."

"Eh?—eh?—yes," sleepily.

"Not a cloud to be seen, admiral; sun shining bright."

"O———h!"

"Wind at sou-sou-west, admiral!"

A long loud snore.

Bang. Bang. Bang. Bang. Bang.

"Eh? eh? what, what?—Who's there? Who's

there? What's the matter? Why, Joe?—Corporal—Royal, is that you?"

No answer.

"Royal!"

Still silent.

"You Mister Corporal Royal, I say?"

Not a sound.

"Royal! Royal!" in accents of rising anger, "you confounded old obstinate deaf mule! answer me, you dog!—what sort o' weather is it?"

"Mumble—mumble—mumble—mumble."

"What sort o' weather is it?—you old scoundrel, I say!—how's the wind, you disrespectful rascal? answer me that plainly, and not stand out there muttering and sputtering to yourself,—who the deuce is to hear you?"

"Ay, ay, admiral!—I'll get your breakfast—all ready for ye."

"Hang your breakfast, Sir, and you too—your breakfast choke you, I say!—How's the wind? does it rain or not?"

"Yes, yes, admiral!—you shall have it all ready; I'll go down and make the tea at once."

"Tea! you old scoundrel! Don't talk to me of your filthy swish swash;—I say, how's the weather? and you know I say so!—and where's the wind, you swab? Is there much or little of it? —Will it rain or not?—Come in here, Sir!—the bolt is pulled up, and you hear it plainly enough—so make your number here! and show your old ugly phiz, and I'll break your neck for your impudence!"

"Very well, Sir, I'll go down and keep the toast warm,—there's nothing like buttered toast with tea."

"Royal, Sirrah—Royal—Royal—you old horse —you old dog-fish!" and at each objurgation away went a shoe at the unfortunate door!— "You good-for-nothing old shrivelled-up skulking swab!—you—you wretched old corporal of marines," and keeping time to this finale of his rage, I heard something smash against the door—followed by a sort of smothered laugh from the old veteran himself, as he added, "There, you saucy scoundrel, fall down over that and cut your

shins, do "—while the ring of glass upon the floor announced that with this pious intention he had demolished his water-tumbler.

Hurrying my own toilet, as rapidly as my laughter would permit, I hastened to proffer my assistance to the veteran, which he received with joy, and having thus got him rigged, we together descended to the breakfast room, and surprised Master Joe, stretched at his ease in the admiral's chair of state, reading the newspapers, as was his custom, and preparing the kernel of their chit-chat for his master.

"Well, you old scoundrel, you're reading the newspaper, eh?"—said the admiral, catching the peculiar crackle which they make.—"Come, bundle, your old bag of bones out of my chair, and order up my arrow-root; and tell me what there is to learn in the world;"—and the veteran seated himself at the table, without a trace of his transitory anger remaining, either in his manner or his mind.

This meal being over, the admiral ordered

what he called his barge, to take us over the grounds, telling me that the crew were a present from my father.

What in the name of fortune thought I, is coming now, in this most extraordinary and amphibious abode? I had not long to wonder, for a very nice little chaise drew up at the gangway of the quarter-deck, capable of holding four people; the crew consisting of six pretty Shetland ponies. Getting into this, we were soon whisked round to another of the admiral's favourite spots, the main-deck battery. Here, on a terrace to the right of the house, sixteen very beautiful nine pounder French brass guns awaited my inspection. They had all been taken in different prizes made by their present owner, and to almost every one was attached some particular "yarn," with which I was made duly acquainted; we then turned our course without the immediate precincts, and went to view the fish ponds, preserves, and other objects of attention, all of which appeared to be in the same thriving condition. The admiral must, indeed, have been a lucky man with the prize

money, for which he was so fond of saying he had to thank no one; since the estate seemed not only valuable, but very extensive, with some of the sweetest views that I could imagine of English scenery.

Returning for the dinner hour, we were just in time to receive Captain Burgos with his appropriate salute, and with him came the surgeon, and a lieutenant, but not my friend Will Watch, for so great had been his impatience to visit his home, that he had already started for Greybeach when the admiral had sent the invitation,—much, therefore, as I was disappointed, I had to submit.

A sumptuous meal in the extravagant substantial fashion of the old times was set on table and received the due homage of the party; Corporal Royal, as usual, taking his stand at his master's right hand, and supplying the loss of sight as far as was possible by his attentions. Every one seemed to enjoy the hospitality of the venerable host right heartily; and Captain Burgos, in his droll, incomprehensible manner,—which he insisted, by the by, on every one's comprehending,—

gave us numerous opportunities of indulging our cachectic propensities, and if his stories were not all of them the most delicate, they certainly were most laughable, brought out as they were without a single muscle of the little man's face being moved.

The cloth having disappeared, Joe Royal, being by immemorial custom, prescription, and privilege, the admiral's toastmaster, received his daily allowance of port, two bumpers, to give forth,—First—"The King! gentlemen! and God bless him." Second—"The Royal Navy, gentlemen, and the next promotion!"—two toasts which our host informed us, he had never failed to drink daily for the last seven and thirty years. While our loyalty to our sovereign and good-will to ourselves were being thus properly manifested, the letters were brought in from the post and delivered to the secretary; who, scanning the various directions, put three or four into his pocket, but proceeded to open another with all haste, though not without the cracking of the seal having caught his master's ear.

"Corporal, sirrah! what mean ye?"—turning sharply round; "what mean ye, Sir, by opening letters in this presence? and egad, Sir, without saying by or with your leave."

"By your excellency's pardon!"—quickly replied the repentant Joe, with a most deferential salute.—"Seeing 'with all haste' in the corner, I forgot."

"Gad Sir, I think you did!—What's it all about pray?"

"Why, Sir, for the matter o' that!"—and I thought I saw an additional air of consequence mingled with an affected expression of contempt, steal in Joe's face, "it might a' kept safe enough for a month, or even twelve, for any thing 'twould signify—'tis only from General Sir Charles C—y, K.B., to solicit the vote my little freehold gives me down there in the county o' Devon,—but your excellency knows I've something better to do, than tend to all their 'lectioneering fantods."

"Ay, ay—right, Joe,—right! I'm not going to have you tramping down to Plymouth to vote for every Tom Nokes or John Stiles; though

'tis a pretty sort of pass,—isn't it Burgos?—that generals should have to knuckle down, and ask the favour of a worn-out old corporal o' marines!" —nudging me, as much as to say, I haven't paid him off for this morning yet.

"Why yes,—yes,—looks odd enough—that is you know when I say odd—nothing like it—thing's plain enough, you know—but still—still its devilish queer, eh? Comprehend?—how is it, Corporal?"

"How is it, Sir? why, Lor bless ye, Sir, there's I and the admiral's cousin Sir John St. Mowbray, we own the whole o' Dock."

"The whole o' Dock, Mister corporal? Why, Sirrah, to hear you talk, one would think ye built the one half o' the place and counted your income by thousands a year, instead of having a pitiful wretched tumble-about-your-ears sort of hovel, where your old father the cobbler lived all his days, and refused—obstinate mule like his son—three, ay, four times its value, to leave it to you!—Why, Burgos, would ye believe it?—he's such an old fool, this fellow behind me, that though Sir John to-morrow

would give him ten times the value of the dog-hole in hard cash, he'd rather have his say with his 'I and Sir John St. Mowbray,' than have, ay, all the money in the fleet!"

"Ha, ha! admiral, it's all very well for you to talk—you're Sir John's cousin, you know; and Sir John wants to have the whole o' Dock to himself; but says I to him, 'Sir John,' says I, 'you know it's freehold, and so as I got it from my father I want to detail it down, as it might be, to my young un—little Charley; and if you had it, why you know, Sir John, that's more than you can do.' —Then off goes Sir John in a reg'lar line!—Not that I'd go to say that Sir John hasn't a large family—ah! ah! Sir John's been a wild young fellow,—I say nothing!"

"Come, come, then, Sirrah!—say less, or Peggy shall knit Sir John another pair of stockings! —Ha, ha! Corporal! what d' ye say to that?"

"The corporal's gone out of the room, Sir," I remarked, seeing that he had given us the slip.

"Ha, ha! has he?—Can't bear touching there, —jealous old goose for his pains!"

On the following morning, the lieutenant and surgeon returned to the ship, which was refitting in the harbour, and bearing the captain's orders to the executive officer in command, touching various little matters then in hand. After staying with us for a week, Captain Burgos obtained leave of absence to go to London, and gave me permission to remain at the "Folly" until such time as the ship should be on the point of sailing, which, however, did not take place for some time.

It was impossible that any one could have behaved more kindly than did the admiral during this very pleasant visit, nor did Joe Royal become less attached to me: indeed, in this respect I was nearly becoming a subject of quarrel between the master and the man. Among other extraordinary ideas which were for ever arising in the corporal's brain, was one that he could never have so favourable an opportunity of manifesting his gratitude for the past favours of my late uncle, the captain, as by once more going to sea to '*take care*,' forsooth, of me: but of this the admiral

would hear no mention, and he was, therefore, reluctantly compelled to abandon his project, at least for the present.

In the meanwhile, I was actively employed during such time as was not spent in amusement, in fitting myself out, in all that it was possible that I could or should want; and in truth a great deal more. The admiral being satisfied by my account, that I could no where be better off than on board the Briton, did not attempt to move me, but provided me with innumerable letters of introduction to officers of all ranks and degrees, and in all stations, and which, to say truth, spoke of me with a kindness that often made me blush as I indited to his dictation.

"Never you mind, boy," he would say, "down with it: when you've lived as long as I have, you'll see that a little humbug is necessary in this bad world to get a fellow on.—All I hope and ask of ye is, to have candour enough to confess it."

On my first arrival at the "Folly" I confess I was not altogether without apprehensions of proving—

"in the way." The habits of youth and age are generally so much at variance that I was almost warranted in drawing such a conclusion. Never was I more agreeably disappointed. My arrival seemed almost to have given birth to a new data with the old veteran. He appeared never happier than when discussing with me my future plans, and indulging in what he styled a mess o' chat; into which anecdotes of the past seemed to creep involuntarily. As for the few and trivial attentions I was enabled to show him,—never did I meet with one so grateful for kindness received. Among other amusements which we shared was that of an evening drive in "the barge," whenever the weather, and our engagements, would permit it. At the distance of a month after my arrival at the "Folly," we were one evening driving slowly on our return home. The beauty of the sun-set, and the interest of the topic under discussion, had seduced us into wandering further than we had intended, and, as a necessary consequence, of being later than was prudent for the admiral's health.

The weather, however, being very mild, I did not apprehend much on this score, though Royal —who, as usual, was our 'whip'—hurried forward the little ponies to escape if possible the heavy dew. The form of "the barge" was simply that of a double-bodied open chaise; in the hinder portion of which the admiral and myself were sitting, the seat beside Royal in the front remaining vacant. We had just emerged from a dark narrow lane, and were entering on a small sort of heath, where the ruggedness and declivity of the road, required us to proceed slowly. Engaged in our conversation I had paid no attention to what was going on around, till a heavy jump of feet from a hedge made me look round.

Four ragged looking villains, springing after our little vehicle, met my eye in an instant.

"Drive, Royal, drive, for your life — we are waylaid!" I cried, unable to distinguish how our assailants were armed, but convinced that plunder was their object.

"Waylaid!" re-echoed Royal in astonishment, first bestowing a hearty lash on his startled cattle,

and then turning his head in the direction of the attacking force. But he was destined to obtain, and very speedily, a much more intimate knowledge on this head than was at all pleasant.

Our ponies, frightened at the noise, made a rush to one side of the road, where our wheels got entangled with some brush wood at the bottom of a bank—our foes, with a swiftness of foot which proved them to have won more purses by running than by fighting, were in an instant alongside—the unfortunate Royal pounced on by two of the stoutest hands, was hurled with violence to the ground, and while a third fastened on the reins of our leaders, the fourth directed his course towards the admiral and myself.

Snatching the old officer's large walking bamboo from its corner of the chaise, and waiting till my opponent was within two feet of me, I lifted the stick as if about to make a cut at his head, but contented myself with simply thrusting at his face, which I thought much better. I was not deceived, for the unfortunate wretch receiving the ferrule directly in the eye, dashed his hands

up to his face, threw himself on the ground, and literally rolling in the dust from extreme pain, added by his yells to the clamour which Joe had already set up for "help! help!"

"Help tis, my hearty," suddenly and most unexpected reechoed a voice seemingly not unfamiliar. At this moment I was leaping out to assist Royal—and naturally turning to look from whence came this most welcome ally, I beheld the figure of a young and powerful sailor issuing from the very gap whence these marauders had borne down upon us.

For a moment I feared that he, too, was one of the Philistines—but no—with a heavy shillelah flourishing in one hand, and a true Jack Tar's bundle in the other, he sprung like a young war-horse to the spot where the corporal was struggling—singing out to the aggressors—"Hey, there, you parley-vous!"—Down was dashed his bundle on the head of one, and such a tempest of blows showered upon that of the other, that the action was decided as summarily as it had commenced.

Foreseeing the great probability of gaining

neither honour nor profit, the holder of our steeds fairly took to his heels, scrambling up the bank and making off across the common as hard as he could run. In this heroic act he was very wisely followed by one of the corporal's late combatants, leaving his fellow robber, captive and insensible, in the hand of incensed Joe.

Seeing how the game had gone ahead, I turned naturally to look for my own more immediate acquaintance, but he too had become a vanishing quantity, which in truth I was well contented he should remain. With the next impulse I turned to thank our gallant deliverer—surely I knew that figure—another step towards him—and that face —could it be possible?—yes, indeed, it was no other than—Will Watch.

" You here, Will? and in time to render such an aid!" grasping his hand with both of mine in the fulness of my joy. " I would not have had it otherwise for the world!"

" Charles, my boy! Charles! where are you—what's the matter, how goes the day."

" Right heartily won, my dear admiral," I re-

plied, while Will jumped forward to hold the struggling ponies until Royal should have bound his prisoner. "The day is ours and without injury, but we have to thank my old friend Watch, that our throats remain whole and our purses untouched."

"What, is't your old crony Will Watch, boy? God bless him then say I—where is he?"

"Holding the heads of our frightened cattle, but he'll soon be at your side, admiral, and you know well how to thank him as he deserves."

Going up to the corporal, who was sadly battered, I found him standing over his bound enemy, shaking his fist with ire, and execrating all the "thievish French villains" who ever were born, or ever would be; while the highwayman, to my utter astonishment was pouring forth a most eloquent and doleful strain, ending in an appeal to the mercy of the corporal, for a foreigner who urged to desperation by misfortune, exile, and starvation, now threw himself upon the mercy of a generous Briton. This Jeremiade being in the prisoner's native language—that of France, while

Joe's Philippic was couched in equally homebred English, it was no wonder that they understood one another so little, or entertained me so much. Certes, Monsieur! thought I, 'tis an odd way of throwing yourself on a man's mercy to fall on him *vi et armis*.—However, as the fellow was bound, and could not stir, I suggested to Joe that he should quit his victim for a few minutes and get his horses ready to proceed; otherwise I added the routed foe might rally and return in superior force. This hint was enough for a head so sorely bruised as that of Royal, who leaving the Frenchman in the road, relieved Will Watch of his charge, and prepared with the utmost celerity to make the best of his way to the "Folly." As for Watch, I now took him to the admiral, who thanked him for his timely relief, with all the fervour which such a heart would naturally feel, and such services demanded, desiring him that he would take the spare seat beside Royal, and accompany us home, " where, I don't doubt, my brave boy, that Phil Fluke will be able to find something better than words to offer ye. As for that poor French

dog of a prisoner, Charles, who tells ye that he's just emigrated and landed from Havre,—why, d'ye see, starvation will drive an honest man beside himself sometimes—not that he's likely to be one, by the by, but—still—let him take his chance—leave him bound on the bank there, out of harm's way, and tell him if he wants money he'll do much better to work for it in an honest way, and, meanwhile, to give him a lift, here's a little loose cash. You know, boy, before now we've knocked a little out of the subjects of Louis the Grand, so 'tis but fair to give back a mite to the poor followers of Louis the Miserable."

The five and twenty shillings thus generously given to a foe, I put into the Frenchman's fob.—Ruffian as he was, his tale might have been true. Touched too deeply for words, he fastened his eyes on my countenance.—Was it a tear which glistened there?—I know not!—but as I turned away, after leaving him in safety, my ears caught the involuntary exclamation "*Comment — Mon Dieu! et à moi!*"

In another minute we were on our road to the

"Folly," which we reached—no thanks to the driving of the corporal—in safety.

"Now Watch, my brave lad, follow me," said the admiral, placing his hand on Will's shoulder and supporting himself from the chaise to the door, as he got out.—"We haven't done with you yet, I can assure ye—we must thank ye, lad, properly, in the first place, and have your story in the second.—So here we are—bring yourself to now on a chair beside me,—and, Royal!—wheel mine round by the fire—ye see what it is to be an old blind man.—Can't do without my fire throughout the year, let the season be fine as it may.—'Tis the only companion sometimes that's left to me!—So—thank ye, Royal—a little further off though, this will be somewhat too warm, so—that's it.—Now my gallant fellow, Watch, for aught I know, I owe my life to ye, but be that as it may, I owe my purse to ye this night at any rate.—The former we'll suppose is not worth a very long purchase, but I take it at your hands and thankfully, lad.—As to the latter, I believe ye may

safely trust me for paying ye the debt, interest and principal, so give me your hand to the bargain.—Now, boy, tell me—how did it so hap that you were in the offing, when that pretty privateer's crew bore down on us?"

"Why ye see, Sir," replied Will, affected at the admiral's kindness, and stroking down his hair with as much awkward solicitude as if his superior were still able to observe his appearance, "your honour will see the long and short o' the matter is this—I belong to the Briton with Mr. Arran."

"Ay, ay, I knew that a month ago!"

"Did ye, Sir?" and Will seemed somewhat surprised. "Well then, your honour, soon as we came into port, the captain gave me leave to go and see my friends."

"And that I know too, lad, seeing I sent to Captain Burgos to let me have ye ashore here for a week or two, but you'd given us the slip before hand—so now, try again."

"Well then," resumed Will, somewhat puzzled,

" does your honour know, that after staying as long as I could at Greybeach with my friends, I was coming back to my leave?"

" No, lad, I didn't know that—but I guessed as much—so now, as you're in the fair way, make sail—' you were coming back from your leave '—always do that, youngster, and many a scrape it will keep ye out of."

" Yes, Sir, I was coming back to my leave, and having been walking ever since five o'clock this morning, it came into my head, just as the afternoon watch seemed closing in, that I might as well step into the first cow-shed and take a caulk, (a nap,) till the hot sun had gone down, and then I could make for the town in the cool of it. Well, ye see, Sir, the first handy spot I came to, was not far off from where we had that little bit of a spree just now; so I went into the old place, and found a tumble-down sort of a cart to make a berth of, and when 'twas filled with hay from a rick nigh handy, it made a snuggish sort of a crib, I can tell your honour."

" Ay, lad, I don't make a doubt of it, I've slept

in worse myself before now.—So ye tumbled in there and went to sleep, I suppose, and what then?"

"Why, your honour, I was roused up from my snoose by four ragamuffins jabbering away in some lingo I knew must be French, for I could swear 'twasn't English.—So as I know Johnny Crapeau is never up to much good, and I didn't want to be eased of the few shillings I had in my fob, I thought it best to lay quiet; hear, see, and say nothing. Now, your honour, 'twas so dark that I couldn't make much out on 'em, but I guessed as much as they were pirates, from their going out every now and then, to keep a look out on the road. Presently we heard a carriage coming, and no sooner had they caught the first rumble, than the villains gave one another the private signal, as it might be, and stooping down on all fours, crept right away as hard as they could go, your honour. —Oh, ho! Johnny! says I, so you think you've catched a prize do ye? but not so fast, my mates! I'll see if I can't come up with a shot or two in the wake of ye, and with that I slipped out after

them, keeping some fifty yards astern. I wasn't long before I heard them open fire on your little craft, and away I pulled foot for it life and soul, and should have been up with ye before, but happening to stumble in a sort of hole, I came down by the run.—However, I was up again in a minute, and soon gave one fellow, as your honour knows, the weight of my bundle, and was in after all for some of the best of it.—He didn't find my little kit any feather, I'll be bound for him, for ye see, Sir, my mother had stowed away with my traps a sort of stone grog-bottle, for the old 'oman has no great hatred to the true liquor, when the truth's told first and last."

"She hasn't? eh, lad?—Well, then, tell her with my compliments you've helped me out with her bottle, so I must help her with mine—as for yourself—trust me for taking care of an old friend—but I must leave ye now to Mr. Arran, he'll see you have every thing you may want, I'm sure. Royal, tell Peggy, that I shall have my arrow-root upstairs to-night;—this little breeze has rather tired me:"—and after thanking Will once and again

and finally shaking him by the hand, the admiral took my arm, and went off to bed; where, as soon as I had seen him safely deposited, I left him to the care of Royal, and returned to my friend Will.

My first care was to set before him that which I was sure he must greatly need—some substantial refreshment. "Now then, Will," said I, as soon as I saw that the first absorbing attack was passed, "you must expect to give me nothing less than a full and authentic narrative of everything at home.—Your mother, your old friend Woodenhead, and above all, of your own little Fanny."

At this name a flash of animation lit up Will's eyes for an instant, but it was quickly succeeded by an air of melancholy and dejection.

"Ah, Sir!" he replied, after a moment's pause, "time brings changes at home, as well as elsewhere.—I tried as much as I could, going along, not to expect too much.—But, Lor! Mr. Arran, somehow when we've been away from old friends for a long time, do what one will, we can't help

thinking of much more happiness in meeting them, than after all turns up to us.—As for me, when I first drew nigh the old cottage, I thought I should have laid down in the road and died away—I'm sure if I'd been going to be tied up to the gangway, to have four dozen, I could never have funked it, more than I did going in amongst them, and seeing my own mother, and—Fanny.—Well, finding I couldn't get on no ways, as it might be, I was obliged to bring to, and sit down for a short spell on an old grindstone, that I can remember playing about, ay, before I was half-fathom-high—'tis nigh buried in the sand like, not fifty yards from our door.—Many and many's the time I've sat upon it with little Fan.—Well, ye see, Sir, there I stay'd, watching the old 'oman's door, for some one to come out or go in, and trembling all the while like a child.—'Twas a fine sunny morning too, your honour, and the wind was blowing kindly from the nor-nor-west, and the sea was looking as fresh and as beautiful as the face of little Fan herself; and old times began to gather about me as though they'd passed but

yesterday.—Well, ye see, Sir, there stood the old 'oman's door open, and a little dog sleeping on a mat in the sun, but when I came to think how long I'd been away, they never hearing from me, since they'd expected me from Hull, and I in course never getting any tidings of them, I felt, Sir, as if I couldn't have gone in over that door, if all the Ingees had been but t'other side of the threshold.—Now, I thought, I'd make a clean bolt of the matter, and get it over at once—then that would frighten them—however, see them I must, so somehow or other I tumbled along till I got up against the door-post, and after leaning there for a minute or so, just to get rid of a sick-like all-overishness,—I stepped across the little dog, and brought up in the first chair.

"Nobody seemed to be moving about, so I gave a rap on the door with my stick—up jumped the little cur barking, and down came an old woman—'Holloa!' says I, 'you a'n't Mother Watch—are ye?'—for somehow or other, ye see, Sir, though the old 'oman had married twice, the first name stuck by her through thick and thin.—

'I, Mother Watch?' says the old lady, 'no, I'm not Mother Watch—Mother Watch has moved away from here some time ago. She's gone to live in Williams's Cottages, down yonder.'—'Gone!—nothing's happened to her, has there, old Dame?' said I.—'Happened to her? what should happen to her?—Nothing's happened that I know of—she moved away from here three months ago, because her husband died, and she didn't want so large a house.'—'Husband dead! what, then, is Hawkins the porter dead?'—'Oh, ay, dead and buried long ago!'—'And the old 'oman's daughter Fan—is she — -- is she well, old Dame?'—'Ay, ay, well and hearty for anything I know.'—'Hurrah!' said I, jumping up with a caper that astonished the old soul.—'Hurrah!' giving the chair a kick, and my hat a little bit of a flourish, and making sail down to the cottages as hard as I could crack. 'Fanny well, and old Woodenhead dead and buried! that's the time o' day, my hearties!—Hip, hip, hip, hurrah!' Well ye see, Sir, on I went—tear away—right over everything—men, women, and

children, all as one to Will, till I made the cottages in no time—"which is the old 'oman's?" thought I, and I was just going to ask for it, as I skittled along—when somehow or other—hang me if I didn't forget all about it—for ye see, I found myself brought up all standing, by a regular muster, as it might be, of the neighbours round the door of the first little crib I came to.—'Tis a shame! 'Tis a shame!' cried most of them. 'Let the poor woman go, you cowardly villains!' cried the others. 'She's offered all she has, and isn't that enough for ye?'—I'd just cast an eye to windward, as it might be, and there was the gate of the garden wide open, and the neat flowers and toggery of the little place trampled under foot, by the neighbours' scrambling over one another's shoulders to get a look in at the door.

"'Hang it!' said I, 'fair play's a jewel, and I'll see it done,' for ye see, Sir, I heard some of the women-folks crying from within, and my blood was up before I knew where I was; so stepping in among the rest, what should I see but two of the king's hard bargainers lugging some old dame

off, I supposed to prison—she didn't seem much inclined to go, 'tis true, but as they had her hard and fast by the arms, all her struggling was of no use.—I'd scarcely set eyes upon 'em, when I heard some of the neighbours sing out, "That's right! give it to 'em! give it to 'em! tear the very life out on 'em, Mother Watch!'—Holy man, Sir!—that was enough for me—I was over their heads, and into the cottage, and down went first one, and then the other,—ay, Sir, in less time than I've taken to tell it. 'There, ye land sharks!' said I, 'there's the full length o' your backs for the pair of ye, and don't think to get up while I'm here, or by the piper that played before Moses, I'll crack every rib in your hulls!'—Heart alive! Sir! if there wasn't a pretty scene!—'Will, Will, my darling jewel!' cried the old 'oman, hugging me in her arms on one side.—'Will, my own Will!' sobbed poor little Fan, nigh fainting away on the other.—'Will Watch—Will Watch come back!' shouted the neighbours, rushing in round us. I thought I should have been smothered, or torn to pieces at the least of

it.—Well, ye see, Sir, as I could get no answer, I began to ask what the hubbub was all about. Sure enough, the old 'oman had been up to her old tricks again. Some of Johnny Crapeau's liquor had been found in her store rooms, without King Georgey's license,—they'd fined the old soul ten pounds, and wanting that, must go to prison. Home she came, with the constables at her back, thinking, what with her own money-box, and some help from her friends, she might be able to manage it. However, it seems she was run lower than she thought for. Your honour may guess I soon rummaged out the coin, though not over flush; yet, as I only brought the money for them from the first, 'twas as well to help them out this bout as any other. The catchpoles were rather hard o' managing or so, but what would heal the law, I thought would heal the limb, so flinging over some of the metal for their broken heads, they hauled their boats off. The neighbours they shook a paw a bit, wished us joy, slipped their cables one by one, and left us alone. The old 'oman, when she'd taken a little sup, just to compose her, as she said,

turned out to be as jolly as she could wish, nor was there much the matter with little Fan, when once she managed to get over the 'stericks as they call it."

"Well, Will, I'm right glad to hear it! and so, barring this inauspicious opening of your visit, you found every thing as you could wish?"

"Why yes, Sir; pretty well."

"Perhaps, Will," said I, "your mother may be the better of a little of that assistance, which we all occasionally find so useful. If it be this which concerns you, set your mind at ease; after the obligation under which you have this night laid the admiral, I know his liberality too well, to think that he will see you want for any thing—not to mention my own poor purse, which you must always consider as freely open to your wants, as to mine."

"No, Sir, no; thank ye; after your kindness I'd make bold to tell you, if at any time I was hard drove for a shilling or two—no, I believe the old 'oman has pretty nigh enough for her wants; and

as for her smuggling, why, your honour knows it's in the nature of her, so that goes for nothing."

"Well," thought I, "something is not as you would have wished, though the cause of your disquiet, my faithful friend, may be too tender to bare to the eye of him who marks its effects with regret.—But, I shall some day be made acquainted with it, I suppose. Can it be some change in Fanny's feelings?"—This had glanced across my mind before, but though we conversed for some little time longer, before retiring to bed, I could not fix on any thing to confirm my conjecture.

On the afternoon of the next day, Will came to me to ask my advice. He told me that the admiral had just given him a little sealed packet, saying, "There, lad, put that carefully away for a stormy day; and God only send ye may never have occasion to use it—in that case, d'ye see, when your little Fan comes to change her surname, ye may hand it over to her, as a marriage gift." As poor Will muttered the last words, they seemed to stick in his throat. Taking no notice

of his thoughts, I opened the packet, with his consent; but when I announced the contents to be bank notes, to the amount of two hundred pounds, he seemed greatly astonished: for me, I was not much surprised—it was just like the noble munificence of the old sailor—but Will knew not what to think of it. His own eyes, however, convinced him of the fact, while his prudence and good sense made him concur in my advice, that they should be at once deposited in ———'s bank, in his name, while I promised to let him have for his mother's use, before we went to sea, a note for twenty more. The admiral, I believe, would fain have kept Will out at the "Folly," had not Burgos seemed to consider him too useful a hand to be spared. He, however, very kindly consented to let our general favourite come out on the evening of every Saturday, after the work of re-fitting was over. Will, then, staid over Sunday, and on Monday morning was always on board, to answer his muster for duty. When I told Watch of the forgery of which I was sure the captain of the smack had been guilty, he confirmed me in

my views; saying that he was just the man to commit such a fraud. Before I again set off to sea, however, the matter was set at rest by a letter from the owner. His vessel had been missing, passengers and all, ever since her having set off from London, on her return to Leith, and news had now arrived of a piracy committed on the coast of Africa, by some one closely answering his description. Well, thought I, it requires no genius to see through all your manœuvres now.—I only wish I could as plainly see the gallows which is to reward them.

The day of sailing, in the mean while, gradually crept on, and at length arrived. With a somewhat foreboding heart, and many and reiterated adieus, I bade farewell to the generous and single-hearted veteran, whose gentle sway, amid the welcome hospitalities of "Fluke's Folly," I had so much reason to bless. Nor was Will Watch less deeply affected, nor less kindly dismissed.

The barge, however, being at length in readiness, we stepped into it, and were, by the most loyal Corporal Royal, driven back to Portsmouth;

where we once more embarked for H. M. S. Briton, then lying at Spithead—previously, however, I received from the tenacious and estimable freeholder and joint-owner of Dock, a long and particular lecture on all I ought to do, and all I ought to leave undone; with never ending injunctions ever to remember the example of "my uncle," the "Folly," and the admiral, and above all and every thing else, he modestly, but specially charged me, never to forget the devoted zeal of him—Corporal Joe Royal!

END OF VOL. I.

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